The Nation.

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The Week.

"The Republican party has gone to the devil," an Ohio office-holder in Washington is represented to have exclaimed, on hearing of Secretary Taft's speech in Akron, Ohio, on Saturday night. The Secretary has, indeed, given cause for dismay among machine Republicans everywhere by coming out openly against Boss Cox, the Murphy of Cincinnati, and declaring that, if he were able to, he would vote against Cox's municipal ticket. This is pure and unadulterated treason and rank disloyalty, and will, in the eyes of the party henchmen, very nearly insure the defeat of Gov. Herrick, if only because it will induce Cox to sell out the State ticket to elect the city slate. "I wish to come as near telling what I believe to be the truth as I can on this subject," said Secretary Taft in his straightforward and honest way before proceeding to defend Gov. Herrick against the charge that he has been subservient to the boss. Mr. Taft did not hesitate to affirm that the power secured by Cox and his assistants "has undoubtedly inured to their pecuniary benefit, and it is seen in the large fortunes which they now have." A more direct charge of "honest" or of dishonest graft could hardly have been made, and it leaves Cox flat on his back "outside the breastworks" to-day. With the national Administration squarely against him, he has on his hands the fight of his political lifetime. Secretary Taft was, of course, careful to say that neither Gov. Herrick nor President Roosevelt was to be condemned because he received the support of the Cox machine. But Secretary Hay last fall condemned Judge Parker because he had the support of Tammany Hall. Waiving this little inconsistency and Secretary Taft's weak appeal for Gov. Herrick's reëlection on the ground that his defeat would strengthen the hands of Bryan and "Tom" Johnson in national politics, the salient fact is that the Roosevelt Administration appears to be on the war-path against party bosses in Ohio, Pennsylvania, and Maryland.

Mr. Roosevelt spoke a manly word on the Chinese question on Friday, when he declared that he was doing all he could do to mitigate the harshness of the Chinese exclusion law, and insisted that every Chinese business or professional man, traveller or student, should have the same right to enter and be treated decently as the similar representatives of any other nation. Against the coolies the President took his stand—but he admitted that China would have the right to bar out American laborers any time she desired to do so. Best of all, he stated that this new policy of treating Chinese as human beings was due them as a matter of right and justice, and not because of the boycott. Unfortunately, Mr. Roosevelt thought it necessary to couple with this a threat that China "must beware of persisting in a course of conduct to which we cannot honorably submit." Would not China have to submit if we were to boycott her goods as well as her men?

On his Southern tour the President found a new phrase for his Dominican policy in his speech at Richmond October 18. It seems that we are simply carrying out our duty of "policing the ends of the Panama Canal." Now, as San Domingo is about a thousand miles from Panama, it appears to be a queer sort of "end." And a radius swept round the circle of which San Domingo is on the circumference, would take in Hayti, Cuba, Jamaica, and a part of the Bahama Islands, as well as Venezuela, Colombia, Costa Rica, Nicaragua, Honduras, and Mexico—quite a collection of "ends." But the whole argument is really at loose ends. As well might Commissioner McAdoo announce that he was going to police the ends of the Brooklyn Bridge by operating the traction companies in Chicago, running the subway in Boston, and taking possession of the custom house in Baltimore. Moreover, as the canal is not dug, and will not be within eight years, it looks as if Mr. Roosevelt were unduly anticipating his assignment to that beat. But let not the dwellers in or upon the Caribbean Sea think they will have a respite until the canal is completed. The President has his eye upon them; and whenever he perceives that they do not "secure fair dealing," or are not as "stable" as they ought to be, he will interfere in order to set all right. For he takes pains to relieve any fears they may have, to assuage their sense of injured national pride, to dissipate any lurking notion they may have that they know better than he does what is good for them, by kindly assuring them that his meddling in their affairs will always be beneficial to them. We observe that the European press is giving more attention to these amiable remarks of our touring President than are the newspapers of his own land. The latter, perhaps, are a little hardened to Mr. Roosevelt's public declarations of intention, and a little skeptical about their execution. They remember how violently he was reforming the tariff in his trip of 1902, and how conveniently he has forgotten all about it ever since. They recall his announcement in 1903, which so alarmed Europe, that the Pacific Ocean was to become an American lake; but the countless laughter of the waves is all that has followed.

President Roosevelt's order giving heads of departments power to dismiss summarily employees whom they personally know to be inefficient or guilty of misconduct, might easily be abused. The head of a department who was unprincipled, or who was a devotee of the old spoils system, might employ this short-cut to clear away men whose places he or his party bosses desired. Thus much is obvious at first glance. On the other hand, we know that the departments at Washington are stuffed with incompetents and malingerers, men who, having once got snug berths behind the wall of the civil-service rules, do just enough work to escape written charges, a formal hearing, and a discharge. They neglect their duties so skilfully that a superior officer finds it hard to put down their delinquencies in black and white. The new order will, we hope, serve notice on the loafers that they must either earn their salaries or get out. This power of summary dismissal is lodged in the hands of very few men, who in all other matters have large discretion; and even these men cannot fill the vacancies except by drawing, as usual, from the civil-service list. But the chief safeguard against abuse of this authority must, after all, lie in the press. The correspondents at Washington must watch sharply the practical operation of the rule, and warn the country if it is prostituted to partisan ends.

Senator Isidor Rayner of Maryland has rendered a valuable service to his State by joining Gov. Warfield, Attorney-General Bryan, and other Democrats in attacking Senator Gorman, the party machine, and the iniquitous disfranchising amendment it has fathered. He declares himself "utterly opposed" to the amendment, points out that its adoption "would bind the chains of political slavery around this State, would sound the death-knell of our political hopes and aspirations in Maryland, and would be as great a calamity as could possibly be inflicted upon our people." His declaration of independence fills nearly a page in the newspapers, and has hit the Gorman ring so hard that it has found it necessary to retort at length. No summary of one feature of their abominable proposition has surpassed this one of Mr. Rayner:

"It absolutely places within the despotic power of one body of men, namely, the

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registration officials of this State, the right to disfranchise at their unlimited discretion any white man—make no mistake, now; not negro, but any white man—who comes within the interdicted class, as a punishment for the crime of not being born upon American soil. And then, worse than all, with a spirit of insatiate revenge, it visits the sins of the forefathers upon their future generations to the remotest degree."

Senator Rayner points out that if his own father, an immigrant from Bavaria, had arrived here after 1869, he could be disfranchised under this amendment, and the Senator himself would be disfranchised unless he passed "a satisfactory constitutional examination conducted, perhaps, by some unconvicted felon in a register's box." This utterance stamps Senator Rayner as a man of ability, courage, and independence.

The collapse of the Enterprise National Bank of Allegheny, Pa., is a very logical supplement, on the one hand, to the political scandals which have stirred Philadelphia to its depths, on the other to the life-insurance disclosures in New York city. No secret is made, since its cashier's suicide, of the fact that State of Pennsylvania money was deposited with the bank at the peremptory demand of Senator Penrose, and that the money thus deposited was distributed, to the extent of probably $780,000, in loans on worthless notes of politicians of the Penrose ring. "This will wreck the Republican Machine. This bank has been robbed by a lot of politicians," the president of the collapsed institution is reported to have declared; and, indeed, in any other State than Pennsylvania such an affair would shatter a political machine; but the people of Pennsylvania have been steeped so long in corruption that they seem actually to prefer misgovernment. Neither the State authorities, nor Pittsburgh banking circles, nor the Pennsylvania people have been without warning in this matter. The use Penrose and his gang were making of this State depository has been exposed in public meetings. Nothing was ever there alleged, however, quite so bad as the facts discovered when the bank had to close its doors. The banking view of the case will simply be that the greed of these political vultures was so insatiable that they threw to the winds all care for solvency. They simply wrecked the bank while plundering it. If the voters of Pennsylvania have any self-respect remaining, their lesson will begin with the downfall of the Penrose cabal.

Mr. Jerome's début at Carnegie Hall evoked an enthusiasm as spontaneous as it was vast. His speech was more measured than many of his public utterances. This was befitting the occasion, since he was deliberately marking out the broad lines of the political battle which he proposes to wage. His speech was his platform; and no one can read it without being persuaded that it presents an issue which is moral in its essence, and which is pressed home by a man of the clearest courage and of a will neither to be bent nor broken. His heart has long brooded over the iniquities of the boss system, as Lincoln's did over those of slavery, and he appears to have resolved, as Lincoln did: "If I ever get a chance to hit that thing, I will hit it hard." As District Attorney, the diffused misery born of political dictatorship has been thrust in his face every day. No part of his speech fell more solemnly from his lips than that in which he spoke of the "pleadings and intercessions of mothers, of unfortunates, of the wives, of children," which had filled his ears month after month. Next to that stood his crushing retort upon those who had dragged out the corpse of Armitage Mathews to make a point against him. Mr. Jerome showed who were the real undoers and murderers of that unhappy man. They were the Grubers and men of that kidney, who took the pleasant but weak young fellow and "put him into that dirty political game" of theirs, which gradually destroyed his morals and finally drove him to suicide in order not to "expose the criminal infamy of that particular gang." If these things do not lay hold on elementary morals, nothing does. If Murphy's "foul hand," as Mr. Jerome called it, upon the judiciary does not show that fundamental justice is imperilled among us, nothing could.

Mr. Ivins thinks that Jerome is a courageous and able man, but "unnecessarily belligerent." But Odell must think the same of Mr. Ivins. The latter lends a distinctly comic air to his depreciation of Mr. Jerome's pugnacity by himself hitting heads right and left with such a delightful abandon that one almost suspects with the old lady in the play, "Irish extraction." Mr. Odell's fine sensibilities are now daily trampled upon by his candidate. "Odell? Odell? Who is he? I doubt if I should know him if I saw him. He has not asked to see me, and certainly I have no desire to meet him." This sort of thing sounds to us as if Mr. Ivins were himself applying for a recognition of his rights as a belligerent. And he rapped his own campaign manager, Senator Elsberg, over the knuckles with a fine and impartial freedom. So it is really a droll stroke on his part to purse up his lips over Jerome's imprudences. But Mr. Ivins is clearly on the right track in his disrespectful handling of bosses and their machines. If he will stick to that, and promise us a millennium of simple independence and honesty, instead of one where all our expenses are to be paid by the city, he will flutter the Tammany dovecotes mightily.

Mayor McClellan made a dignified speech in defending his Administration and appealing for reëlection. He made no pledge, however, that he would serve out his term, if reëlected. In fact, the explicit intimation of the chairman of the meeting was that the Mayor is to be a candidate for Governor next year, turning the city over to the tender mercies of Murphy and McGowan for three years. Mr. McClellan must know that this consideration is seriously troubling the minds of many; and hence, if he maintains silence, he will lend color to the view that he is asking the people to make him Mayor without really intending to serve them as Mayor. A word from him would set this straight; and the stress of the canvass may yet compel him to utter it. On the subject of municipal ownership, his speech contained more sound sense than we have had from any other candidate. His general principle, that the Government should keep its hands off any business which can be well done privately, is simply the principle which has run through all our history. It is precisely the same as that enunciated by President Roosevelt in his speech at Raleigh the same day. We are too much governed, rather than too little. The work already put upon our governments is proving a serious strain upon both their efficiency and their character. When it is proposed that any new public utility should be municipalized, a very clear case has got to be made out. It is not a matter to be decided in a hurrah, but only after looking before and after, like reasonable men, and especially counting the cost thereof. On this latter point, Mayor McClellan was absolutely conclusive. We have not the money, and cannot get it, to enter upon all these vast new municipal enterprises. Those who are clamoring for public ownership and operation of the new subways are really saying that they do not want the subways, since it is at present a financial impossibility for the city to build and run them.

Gen. Francis V. Greene's frank testimony last week gave what should be the deathblow to the movement to induce President Roosevelt to interfere in Venezuela in behalf of the Bermudez Asphalt Company. He admitted that the company had aided and abetted a revolution against President Castro. Within his knowledge, $100,000 had been spent to finance Matos in his fight to oust Castro. So flagrant a violation of law and decency did General Greene consider this, when he was told of the plan of his subordinates to foment an insurrection in order to "protect their interests in Venezuela," that he immediately said it would be "impossible for [him] to make further claims in behalf of the company at the State De-

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partment." In fact, he "never went to the Department again." How could he? The company was alleging injustice on the part of Castro; meanwhile, it was making itself guilty of treason, and its officers, if they had been caught, liable to be shot or hanged. We are quite aware that the Bermudez Company has some show of right to redress for the seizure of its property in Venezuela. To invoke, however, the intervention of this Government requires it absolutely to come with clean hands. How can Secretary Root, or the President, think after this of shaking the Big Stick at Castro? The proposal is that this should be done on account of money damages to a company which confesses itself to have been a party to a treasonable conspiracy against the very life of the Venezuelan Government! The amazing testimony of Gen. Avery D. Andrews, vice-president of the General Asphalt Company, on Thursday, confirmed General Greene's. The Asphalt Trust was uneasy about the conduct of affairs under Castro, and was "threatened with the certain destruction of its rights." Regarding Castro exactly as Messrs. McCall and McCurdy regarded Bryan, the officers of the Trust decided that their simplest and cheapest way out of the difficulty was to pay $130,000 to Matos, who, in the rôle of saviour of his country and the Asphalt Trust, promised to combine the virtues of Hanna and McKinley. The whole story, with variations in minor detail, is closely parallel to that told by Joseph Conrad in 'Nostromo.' Below all the revolutions and counter-revolutions, the magniloquent appeals to patriotism, the pomp, and the cruel waste of life, ran a network of sordid intrigue for money.

"Picketing" is declared unlawful in a recent decision of the Appellate Court of Illinois. Several Chicago printers, whose employees were striking, appealed for legal protection against agents of the union who were interfering with the business. The decision of the court, delivered by Mr. Presiding Justice Smith, is published in the last issue of the Chicago *Legal News*. The gist of the matter is that "the union and its members had the legal right to demand higher wages of complainants, either with or without good reason. The members of the union also had the legal right to quit work as individuals or collectively, as a means of enforcing their demand." On the other hand, "the union or its members had no legal right to interfere with the business of complainants or to disturb them in their lawful business." As to interference, the ruling of the court is perfectly explicit: "The picket system once established, the intimidation, assaults, slugging, and bloodshed followed as naturally and inevitably as night follows day. There can be no such thing as peaceful, 'polite, and gentlemanly' picketing, any more than there can be chaste, 'polite, and gentlemanly' vulgarity, or peaceful mobbing, or lawful lynching." This is strong language, but every one who has observed the course of any strike must admit the truth of it. The logical conclusion of Justice Smith is therefore: "It is idle to talk of picketing for lawful persuasive purposes. Men do not form picket lines for the purpose of conversation and lawful persuasion. Such picketing as is established by the evidence in the case at bar is intended to annoy and intimidate, whether physical violence is resorted to or not, and is unlawful in either case." So far as Illinois is concerned, this disposes of that abstract conception and metaphysical sophistry, peaceful picketing.

Both houses of the Federal Parliament of Australia on Thursday adopted resolutions in favor of Home Rule for Ireland. The incident will pass almost unperceived in this country, and probably with very little comment in England. Yet suppose the resolutions had been in favor of Chamberlain's fiscal policy, the welkin would have rung. "Listen to the majestic voice of our great colony! Here is a statesmanlike suggestion looking to the federating of the Empire. Englishmen, will you be foolish enough to spurn these wise counsels?" One can imagine the eloquent cries if it had been a matter affecting English trade. But as it only concerns a problem of century-old misgovernment and racial antagonism, there is nothing to be said about it except that William Redmond's Australian campaign must have been very cleverly conducted.

It is unofficially announced at Paris that Russia is undertaking to borrow $360,000,000 from outside markets. As to the necessity for such a loan, it is to be observed that all Russia's borrowings during the recent war were in the form of short-term loans; the last one, indeed—some $50,000,000, placed at Berlin—being merely a nine-months' note, maturing some time this winter. Within the next few years, then, all of this war debt, footing up nearly $300,000,000, must in any case be refunded; the proposed new loan would no doubt provide for that process in advance and for the closing expenses of the war. But the more interesting question is, Who will lend Russia the money? It appears to be assumed that the French investor, under the guidance of the great Paris banking houses which manage his affairs for him, will again be ready with his savings. The intimation, however, that Germany, England, Holland, and the United States will participate, provokes some doubts. English financial writers have been suggesting that London may take a block of the Russian bonds for political reasons—to show, in short, that no hard feeling need be left over from recent controversies. A similar argument is proposed for German participation. But underwriting bankers are not altruists; they have been known to take a loan because their Government urged it, but they did not do so until they could see where the bonds could be resold to investors. It is scarcely conceivable that the British investor will show any great appetite for Russian Government securities, and while matters might be somewhat different with the German public, the fact that Germany is just now in the throes of a collapsing stock speculation does not entirely favor an operation of this nature. The inference would seem to be that if Berlin and London bankers take up at first hand a portion of the Russian loan, they will have an eye to the possibility of "unloading" at will on Paris, the home market of Russian securities.

The Japanese achievement in raising the sunken Russian warships at Chemulpo and Port Arthur has not received due recognition. The *Scientific American* points out that this salving of vessels universally believed to have been hopelessly ruined "is one of the most astonishing feats of the many astonishing things . . . done during the late war." The ships were not only injured in the attacks on Port Arthur and the sortie of August, but they were finally sunk by the firing of Nogi's guns. More than that, the night before the surrender, the Russian officers sought to make complete wrecks of them by exploding submarine mines under them. To float them, lying as they were in forty or fifty feet of water, seemed impossible, and there was grave question whether they were really worth raising. But the Japanese persisted, and have added to the Mikado's fleet the battleships *Poltava*, *Peresviet*, *Pobieda*, and *Retvizan*, and the fine cruisers *Variag*, *Boyan*, *Novik*, and *Pallada*—a handsome haul, if the four ships captured in the Sea of Japan be added to round out the dozen. Of course, large sums must be spent before these ships can be repaired and in some cases rearmed, but the result will be a net gain in battleships at a far less cost than new ships would come to. Leaving out the two coast-defence monitors captured, the *Seniavin* and *Apraxin*, the Japanese have increased the total of their battleships from six at the beginning of the conflict to ten, despite the two lost during the war. When the two new battleships now building in England are completed, the Japanese will have a dozen battleships, two fine coast-defence vessels, and nine fine armored cruisers, which in their hands are practically as valuable as battleships.

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NON-PARTISAN LEGISLATIVE "INFLUENCE."

"I think the whole course of this investigation," said President McCurdy last week, in his astounding lecture to the Insurance Committee, "is entirely outside of what was in contemplation by the Legislature when the Committee was constituted." There can be no doubt whatever that the Committee's course is just what the insurance magnates who have so long purchased the legislatures of this country did not expect. If there had been any question whether Mr. Hughes's inquisition is really getting behind the scenes, Mr. McCurdy's attitude and words must have answered it for all time. No one has cut quite such a discreditable figure as did the head of the Mutual Life. Of the honest, straightforward man, conscious of rectitude, and ready to lay all before properly accredited inquirers, there was no more trace than of the dignified, able, and courteous man of affairs one expects to find at the head of a great trust. Mr. McCurdy has deprived himself of every remaining bit of sympathy any one may have had for him. His best friends must have blushed for him as they read his involved, evasive answers, his sullen defiances, or his impertinent reference of the simplest general questions to his actuary. Such an exhibtion would seem incredible were it not attested in black and white. Some of the insurance questions which President McCurdy was apparently unable to answer, were of such a nature that ignorance about them would have shamed a $25-a-week clerk.

Yet, despite the witness's dodgings and twistings and refusals to answer, Mr. Hughes has obtained no better results in a single session than he did on this occasion. The whole system of legislative corruption is now bared to all who care to read it. Newspapers have hinted at it, reformers have denounced it, and the general public has long felt that the responsibility for the deterioration of our political life lay at the doors ot the great corporations. But proof was lacking until Mr. Hughes found the slimy trail of Andrew Hamilton. On October 17 his inquiries into the activities of Andrew C. Fields enabled him to expose the Mutual's method down to its finest ramifications. With complete oblivion of his own party allegiance, Mr. Hughes exposed Mr. Fields's Democratic and Republican alliances without discrimination, and thereby brought out once and for all the non-partisan character of the legislative corruption in which the insurance companies have been engaged. After this revelation not even Mr. McCall can have the face to portray insurance presidents as saviours of the finances of the nation. They care not a whit what party succeeds, what principles control, whether democratic institutions are sapped, so long as they are "protected."

But the truth does not stop here. It was made apparent that both parties share equally in the spoils so freely distributed without an accounting of any kind. Mr. Andrew C. Fields, who is too ill to leave California to defend his reputation, and whose whereabouts is unknown to Mr. McCurdy, has been for some years head of the Mutual's supply department. Curiously enough, the duties of that office seem to terminate with the legislative session, for then Mr. Fields betakes himself to Ocean Grove or to his other summer residence at the Thousand Islands. When in Albany, where he spends a large portion of the months from January to March, Mr. Fields occupies a house with four or five others—his share paid by the Mutual. Naturally, Mr. Fields, being kind-hearted and philanthropic, finds ready employment for the politicians of his party—the Democratic—in Westchester County. Mr. Charles P. McClelland, for instance, Mr. Fields's near neighbor, and known also as an able lawyer, received from December 17, 1900, to March 31, 1902, for legal services, $8,947.32, in return (Mr. McCurdy asserts) for foreclosing mortgages. On his reëlection to the State Senate in 1902, Mr. McClelland was wisely enough put upon the Insurance Committee. So, too, was one of Senator McClelland's predecessors and townsmen, Senator Graney—representatives from Dobbs Ferry are always insurance experts. But Mr. Fields's kindness did not stop there. There was Louis F. Murray, also a Democratic politician of Dobbs Ferry. For him there was $300 for "legal services." And for John J. Cunningham of Dobbs Ferry, who formerly drove for Mr. Fields, there was a position as examiner with the State Insurance Department.

But the Mutual's benevolence extended to Republicans as well as Democrats, and so we find Mr. William Barnes, sr., a lawyer of standing, one of the best-known octogenarians of Albany, and, incidentally, father of William Barnes, jr., Republican boss of Albany, receiving an honorarium from "Andy" Hamilton. We regret to note, however, in this connection, Mr. Barnes's published statement that his connection with the Mutual Life was only "slight." This further appears from the fact that one of the Mutual's checks due Mr. Barnes, sr., was so long overlooked that Barnes, jr., had to write and ask for it. The Mutual's affection for retired Republican insurance superintendents is really touching when one considers how stony-hearted corporations are supposed to be. Besides Mr. Barnes, the Mutual long paid to James F. Pierce $2,500 a year after leaving Albany, not, of course, for any services rendered by Mr. Pierce at Albany, but merely out of regard for a highly conscientious official left to starve by an ungrateful republic.

From all this it will be seen that the non-partisan idea in politics has had no warmer supporters in fact than our insurance companies. Those of us who have hitherto doffed our hats to the Citizens' Union and other reformers as the leaders in this cause, must now admit our error. In national politics, of course, Mr. McCall and Mr. McCurdy have taken care of the ship of state and steered it clear of Democratic rocks. But in the State a broader policy has been followed. After all, should not a State, like a city, be run solely in a business way to benefit business men? The Mutual and its allies evidently thought so, and, as the first step in making the government at Albany a government by business men, for business men, inevitably enlisted the leaders of thought from Dobbs Ferry and elsewhere under their banners. What could be simpler? What more practical?

"FRIENDS OF THE INDIAN."

At last year's "Lake Mohonk Conference of Friends of the Indian and Other Dependent Peoples," Mr. Bonaparte quoted a naval officer as once declaring that "the service would never be worth a ——— until all the well-meaning people in it had been hanged." He hinted that something of the same tenor might have been said with equal justice of the activity of champions of the Indian who are merely well-meaning. Knowledge and discretion in those who have undertaken unofficially to influence the conduct of Indian affairs would have tempered their zeal usefully in the years when service was most needed; and, though little fault can now be found with the methods and personnel of the Indian Rights Association and similar bodies, there is still a too noticeable tendency to let good intentions evaporate in earnest, purposeless talk. That "court of final appeal, public opinion," has been appealed to so often that the last advocate must needs be silver-tongued indeed to rouse more than a momentary interest. The Indian service, bad as it has been at times, has accomplished more for the disappearing natives than it has been credited with in the popular mind. It would have done still more if its critics had been inspired by accurate information and good judgment.

Suppose some well-informed, persistent friend of the Pimas in Arizona had taken up the matter of white encroachment on the tribe's water rights along the Gila River eighteen years ago. Is it conceivable that he would have advised the poor Indians to take the matter to the Department of Justice? If he had done that, he would have gone contrary to the teachings of history. He might have foreseen exactly what happened last year when the

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district attorney in charge of the case recommended that the suit begun in 1886 be dropped on the ground of the excessive costs of pushing it to a favorable conclusion, and the impossibility of enforcing a decree "because of the varied interests involved." The moral of Indian litigation against the invading settler could have been read as plainly in 1886 as in 1876 or in 1905: The Indian, "not taxed, not voting," has no real standing in the courts organized by and for the American people. The "varied interests involved" was a phrase in common use long ago to explain away apparent miscarriages of justice. Those 960 white settlers using the water from the Gila River which for generations had irrigated the Pimas' wheat fields, were as confident of holding their ditches when they built them as it is in human experience to be. Why, then, did the Indians go to court and patiently watch their fields revert to desert land while the proceedings dragged along for half a generation? Simply because some well-meaning, unhanged friends advised them that they had a good case.

It is not the despairing cynic who advises the Indian, "For God's sake, get the ballot in your hands as soon as possible." Thirty years ago, a Commissioner of Indian Affairs, commenting on the twenty-five years' struggle of the California Mission Indians to preserve themselves, said: "This class of Indians seems forcibly to illustrate the truth that no man has a place or a fair chance to exist under the Government of the United States who has no part in it." It is such elementary considerations as this that have been overlooked by the friends of the Indian. In Congress, the final court where the cause of a dependent people is decided, the white invader has representation, and the Indian has none. Bishop Whipple, in 1863, said: "I submit to every man the question whether the time has not come for a nation to hear the cry of wrong, if not for the sake of the heathen [Indian], for the sake of the memory of our friends whose bones are bleaching on our prairies." In 1877, the white settlers of the Northwest prevailed upon their representatives in Congress to remove the small Ponca tribe of Indians from their old home in southeastern Dakota, where they had built comfortable houses and opened farms, to the Indian Territory, where in a year a third of their number died. The Ponca reservation was wanted for those troublesome Sioux who were keeping the gold-hunters out of the Black Hills. The nation "heard" the cry of wrong, as uttered by Bishop Whipple; but Congress drove the Poncas from the Niobrara in obedience to the demands of a handful of constituents in Iowa, Minnesota, and Nebraska.

On the whole, the Audubon movement has succeeded better than that to protect the Indians. Bishop Whipple and those who meet annually at Lake Mohonk have insisted, and do insist, that the Government deal with the Indians as with human beings whose rights are co-extensive with those of the whites. Theoretically, their attitude is correct. Public opinion has approved them and applauded their sentiments. Practically, they have plodded along without accomplishing as much as could an obscure Western member of the House of Representatives with a vote on a harbor-improvement bill to trade for a vote to dam Salt River and irrigate Grass Valley. The Indian, until he is absorbed and enfranchised, is not a "person." That was settled in California in the course of the degradation of the Mission tribes. Treaties and agreements with Indians may be abrogated at the pleasure of Congress. That was finally and formally decided by the Supreme Court in the Lone Wolf case, two years ago. The attitude of the settler, at whose request every Indian removal has been made and every tribal reservation extinguished, has been plain and consistent from the beginning. It has been equally plain that the settler, with a sympathetic and industrious representative in Congress, would decide the attitude of the Indian Department.

The need for friends with discretion and detailed knowledge of the economic and political history of the tribes is, of course, obvious at this day. It should be just as obvious in the case of the other "dependent peoples" whose welfare under the guidance of our Government is becoming more and more the subject of friendly discussion at Lake Mohonk. The promoter of an inter-island steamship line for the Philippines has his champion in Congress, while Secretary Taft has no vote to trade, and can only offer a trip to Manila for a vote to reduce the duties on imports from the islands.

THE QUESTION OF ARMY MORALS.

The annual reports of the various generals commanding army departments are, as usual, full of appeals for the restoration of the post canteen. The unanimity with which they give a large part of their space to this subject does not betray an indifference to the well-known wishes of the War Department. At the same time we would not for a moment deny that most of them sincerely believe that to put back the canteen would make a vast difference in the discipline and conduct of the army. All who study this question should give due weight to their opinions. Yet it is proper to point out that the believers in the canteen, both in the press and in the army, are going to ridiculous lengths in advocacy of its restoration. To read their statements one might believe that the supplying of beer and light wines to single men in barracks would at once make them not merely "plaster" but genuine saints, and that, prior to the abolition of the canteen, there never was a trace of drunkenness and immorality. That daily or hourly beer at home is better than occasional bad whiskey abroad, may be the correct view. But this should not lead to the claim that the only opponents of the canteen are the liquor-sellers and the W. C. T. U.

Let us look at some of the facts. It is undeniable that conditions in the army are not as satisfactory as they ought to be. No less than 2,529 soldiers, or the equivalent of three full regiments of infantry, were sentenced to dishonorable discharge in the last fiscal year, the total force aggregating during this period 60,139 men, according to the returns of the Military Secretary. During the same time the number of desertions has increased enormously, there being no less than 10 per cent. of the entire force, *or 6,000 men*, who took French leave—5,000 more than in 1904. Of those dishonorably discharged, 1,470 were convicted of desertion. It must be remembered, however, that the annual report of the Judge-Advocate-General, so far as published last week, from which we take these figures, does not concern itself with the summary courts-martial. It is only serious offences requiring a court-martial with which these figures deal. Minor infractions of discipline and intoxication are punished by a single officer sitting as a "summary court," and it is beyond doubt that the number of these police-court trials has also increased, as well as the general courts-martial.

Even more illustrative of the low tone of the army is the statement of the Surgeon-General that no less than 715 men, or nearly a whole regiment, were incapacitated for service every day in the year by diseases resulting from immorality—a large increase over previous years. No less than 9,157 men were treated for this cause, or almost one in every six—a terrible fact, which might well have given Secretary Taft pause when he reluctantly replied to the criticisms of a German newspaper. Six thousand deserters and 9,157 syphilitic patients are not to be disposed of by Mr. Taft's or Gen. Chaffee's denial that there is something radically wrong with our army. And even when men serve out their enlistment honorably, few of them desire to remain in the army after the expiration of their service. This is particularly true of the Artillery Corps, where the discontent is so serious that Major-Gen. Wade devoted a good part of his report to recommendations for changes in pay and conditions to counteract the dissatisfaction among the men. To cite only one example, the One Hundred and Twenty-second Company of Coast Artil-

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lery, comprising 105 men, has now only ten men who were with it in October, 1902. As one of the sergeants of this company recently wrote: "With the continual movement in and out of a company, it is impossible to keep up that *esprit de corps* which is the very essence of discipline"; and he added significantly, "Every few months new men are grafted upon the parent stem," and "the first problem a recruit struggles with is how much time must elapse before he can get his discharge; sometimes he discounts it." In the Third Cavalry recently thirty short-time men were discharged and given a month's leave upon promise to reënlist and accompany their regiment to the Philippines for a full three years' enlistment. Not one of these men kept his word.

Obviously, if the mere application of beer and wine in homœopathic or allopathic doses will heal these undeniably unsatisfactory conditions and reduce desertions and immorality to a minimum, the advocates of the canteen have a strong case. But let us see what actually happened under the canteen. In 1894 the strength of the army was not over 25,000. Yet 2,054 men were convicted by general court-martial, 518 for desertion, and 211 for drunkenness. In 1895 the latter figure rose to 252, or one in every one hundred soldiers; in 1896 it was slightly larger. The total trials were smaller in both these years, being 1,712 in 1895, at which time, however, the Judge-Advocate-General pointed out that the large decrease in trials for desertion was due to the increased number of successful deserters.

To return to the present, it must be plain that other considerations than the failure to supply beer to the soldiers are responsible for the present unhappy army conditions. Gen. Wade attributes the artillery dissatisfaction to the isolated stations along the coast. Secretary Taft points out that the greater rewards in civil life are a temptation to desertion. Col. Duggan, commanding the Department of the Lakes, attributes the desertions, not to lack of beer, but to a lax public sentiment "which favors the deserter." Gen. Sumner thinks the causes which led no less than *14½ per cent.* of his men to desert "were generally as indeterminable as in past years." The increased immorality is partly due to conditions in the Philippines—one of the curses of our colonial adventure. It is by no means wholly attributable, as Gen. Grant argues, to the absence of the canteen, the lack of which in his opinion drives the soldiers into vile resorts. Still other important facts are that the character of the enlisted men is very considerably lower than that of the picked 25,000 who were in service in April, 1898. The same is unfortunately true of many officers who have been foisted on the service owing to political influences which controlled the reorganization of 1901. One does not need to accept the revelations of the Taggart trial as typical of the army to feel that the old sergeant who presented a prisoner by saying: "This man is the most troublesome man in the army. He goes out when he likes, comes in when he likes, and gets drunk when he likes—in fact, he might be a *horficer*," would have some justification for his comparison were he to make it to-day. In the face of all these facts we submit that the proclaiming of the canteen as the panacea is ridiculous. Whether it should be restored remains a matter for argument.

"IMMEDIATE" OWNERSHIP IN CHICAGO.

New York's Municipal Ownership League will not, it is safe to say, hold up Mayor Dunne of Chicago as an exemplar of the way the thing can be done. No tale could be more discouraging to the enthusiastic voter in search of a panacea than the failure of the Dunne "immediate municipal ownership" programme. Those who "winked the other eye" when Judge Dunne was making his passionate appeal to the voters of Chicago to give him the opportunity to throttle the arrogant traction monopoly, may be forgiven for laughing at the present comic significance of the adjective "immediate." They are not wasting their opportunities, be it said. Another class of citizens, however, are not so well provided with material for mirth. These are the patrons of Chicago's street railways, who, while not expecting a revolution from the success of Judge Dunne, were confident that the passing of Carter Harrison meant a vast improvement in the car service. But the truth is that nothing has been done, and the possibility of any material change is growing more and more remote.

As a pioneer of the municipal-ownership idea, Judge Dunne went into the city campaign with characteristic Western enthusiasm. "Immediate" was the word that won for him over Mr. Harlan. Once in office, Mayor Dunne published his plans. The city must obtain control of the lines directly, either by purchase or by condemnation; or, failing that, the city must parallel the corporation tracks, and, by its more efficient operation and honest administration, drive the monopolists out of business. In order to make sure of his ground and strengthen public approval, the Mayor asked Manager Dalrymple of Glasgow to come over and give advice. A Chicago newspaper hurried a trained correspondent abroad to cable descriptions of the operation of city-owned street railways in Europe. The scoffers were silent, and the ordinary fare-paying citizen was hopeful. Mr. Dalrymple's astonishing failure to appreciate the Mayor's splendid plan, and his bluntness in suggesting that Chicago would find it impossible to divorce business and politics, marked the beginning of the scoffers' innings. It seems probable that they will not give way to the triumphant municipal-ownership advocates until long after Mayor Dunne is a mere memory.

Effective as a campaign appeal, the word "immediate" was never spoken seriously after the election. When two or three vague radical propositions had been discussed, and the Scotch expert had returned to Glasgow, Mayor Dunne proposed a municipal-ownership plan that was a practical duplication of the proposal which John M. Harlan, Dunne's opponent at the election of April 4, had made to solve the traction problem. This plan, known as the "contract plan," was to grant to a new company the right to lay tracks and operate cars upon the two hundred miles of streets where franchises have already expired, under an agreement that, whenever the voters so elected, the property should be transferred to the city. A fair constructors' profit and interest on the investment were to be allowed on taking over the roads. But the City Council would have none of the scheme. The "contract plan" was buried in committee, and the street-railway people began the game of submitting counter propositions. Week before last the Mayor ordered his own plan out of committee, and had the satisfaction of seeing it sidetracked to oblivion by a vote of 45 to 18. There yet remains the Mayor's alternative "city plan," by which the municipality might build its own lines, disregarding the presence of the privately-owned tracks and equipment. But it is not conceivable that any possible Council can be got together to approve it, and even Mr. Dunne is not convinced of its wisdom.

Meanwhile, the railway company has submitted a twenty-year contract plan, giving the city the right to purchase after the expiration of three years. But this is not taken seriously, either. Chicago critics point for proof to the final section of the proposed agreement providing for a referendum, "requiring a majority of all voting at next spring's election to *vote against* the ordinance in order to invalidate it." Already the Mayor has published a list of thirteen serious objections to the proposal, and it is certain that the majority necessary to pass the ordinance over his veto cannot be secured. The Council's transportation committee has prepared a modification of the City Railway's plan, but the change is concerned merely with the referendum clause, making it necessary for a majority of the voters to *approve* an ordinance before it becomes operative. There is little hope that anything will come of it; certainly, it does not meet the objections urg-

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ed by the Mayor, and could not be passed over his veto.

In a speech at the Chicago Commercial Association's dinner to Mayor Dunne a few days ago, Franklin MacVeagh placed the blame for that city's inefficient street-car service where it properly belongs. "The efficiency of the existing city service," he said, "has long been to all intents and purposes broken down by the weight of city politics, and no new or added city service of any sort, and certainly not one of the magnitude of a transportation service, could be established under present conditions with hope of possible success." If Chicago must change its leopard's spots in order to make municipal ownership and operation of street cars possible, is it not fair to suppose that New York will have to drop a tiger's stripe or two before the taxpayer will welcome the city as his purveyor of light and transportation?

THE BURDEN OF THE COLLEGE PRESIDENT.

The duties and qualifications of the president of a modern university were discussed by the educators who gathered last week at the inauguration of Dr. Edmund J. James as president of the University of Illinois. The ideal president must evidently be a scholar, teacher, disciplinarian, organizer, administrator, financier, diplomatist, and accomplished writer and speaker. Such, at least, is the inference from an interesting address on the subject by Dr. Andrew Sloan Draper, President James's predecessor, and now Commissioner of Education in this State. All college presidents fall short of the ideal in one point or another, but the successful ones must possess both solid attainments and superficial accomplishments. The day has long since passed when a broken-down preacher can be retired to the innocuous ease of a college presidency.

The average man does not realize how much we demand of our college presidents. The college—to say nothing of our few real universities—is no longer a boarding-school for two or three hundred boys of from sixteen to twenty-one. A large faculty of specialists must be steadily recruited and kept in harmonious and economical activity. Buildings and grounds worth several millions of dollars, elaborate libraries and laboratories, must be maintained in a high state of efficiency. The college administration must have close relations with alumni throughout the country, and it must be fittingly represented on many public occasions. However duties may be divided among deans and committees of trustees and faculty, the final responsibility for the smooth running of the machine is laid upon the shoulders of the president. To adjust expenditure to income, to make the college a centre of the best intellectual and moral influences, to be socially acceptable to men and women of widely varying interests—all these things, we can readily see, are rigorously exacted of the head of a college.

He has other burdens which are less apparent even to trustees, faculty, alumni, or undergraduates. Trustees, many of whom are prosperous bankers and manufacturers, sometimes regard a college as a business enterprise. If the annual deficit is not too large, if the teachers are busy and not disagreeably notorious, if the students are not smashing the property, the venture may be reckoned as fairly profitable in its kind. Each member of the faculty is inclined to look at college from the point of view of his own courses. If his department is steadily expanding, if he can secure appropriations for necessary instruction, books and apparatus, and if he is thus able to attract the best students, the president is everything that heart can wish. No undergraduate and relatively few trustees, professors, or alumni fully grasp the notion that the radical difficulty of the much-tried president's position is this: he is conducting an extensive experiment in idealism in a community which asks chiefly for immediate material results. What is more, his failure may mean distress and possible disaster, not for himself alone, but for the faculty and students who are embarked with him. The individual professor becomes unproductive, unable to keep abreast of his science, and as a result a single department suffers from temporary weakness, while the strengthening of the rest of the college may more than outweigh the damage; but when the president is unproductive, every department is weakened.

The church, too, is an organization devoted to an ideal, but no clergyman, unless he be a bishop, can be compared in importance with a college president. Every year in this city of New York some minister virtually confesses bankruptcy. He gives up his pulpit to a successor, or his little church may actually cease existence. One congregation more or less among so many is not an irreparable loss. But if President Butler of Columbia, Chancellor MacCracken of New York University, or President Finley of the College of the City of New York were so to conduct his office as to impair—or even fail to advance—the standing and influence of his institution, the miscarriage would be conspicuous and wide-reaching in its results. A preacher can say: "Here is my doctrine; thus and so I expound it. If you prefer another creed or a more complaisant prophet, go in peace. I will talk to empty pews." But the college president cannot take the attitude of *Athanasius contra mundum*. He need never surrender his principles, but he is doomed to many sacrifices of personal taste and preference. He will be fortunate if he have such clearness of vision and force of character that he can always discriminate between preference and principle. When he sticks for mere preference, he alienates supporters on whose aid he may legitimately rely. When he first persuades himself that a principle is nothing but a preference, he begins to degenerate into a sycophant and time-server.

How powerful the temptations, none but he can ever know. The recent insurance investigations have shown us how hard it is for men supposed to be fortified by intelligence and character to resist the allurement of money for themselves. They contrive some sophistry to excuse theft and quiet conscience. College presidents also are but human. They do not, however, want the money for themselves, but for a noble cause. They are not scheming to fleece it by excessive salaries, cooked accounts, or preposterous travelling expenses. Their only fault is to crook the pregnant hinges of the knee. The welfare of the institution is a huge thing—and 'tis a great price for a small vice. When, therefore, we recall the revelations of venality among men high in public confidence, when we remember how ignorant and unreasoning the patrons of education often are, the wonder is that more colleges do not, as Senator Dolliver put it, "smell of Oil."

FIGHTING GRAFT IN THE NAPLES MUSEUM.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., October 20, 1905.

In the *Nation* of June 23, 1904, a correspondent ("T. D. B.") gave an account of the then recent removal of Professor Ettore Pais from the directorship of the Naples Museum, and reflected severely on both the competence and character of Professor Pais. It was clear that this correspondent wrote in perfect good faith; it was also clear that he had heard only a part of the transaction, or that he looked at it from only one side. But until Professor Pais himself chose to speak out, those who knew and respected him were naturally forced to keep silence. He has now printed his apology in a fifty-page pamphlet, giving a complete account of his difficulties, and confirming his statements by citing official documents. It is only just that this vindication of one of the chief scholars in Europe should have full publicity; and the story, which is essentially tragic, can hardly fail to be interesting.

Professor Pais is a Piedmontese who, after distinguished service elsewhere, was called to the University of Naples. As an historical scholar and archæologist of Ancient Italy he had no superior among his countrymen, and his 'History of Rome' had brought him an international reputation. He was a pupil of Mommsen, thoroughly trained in German scientific methods, and his original investigations had upset many long-cherished views. More than once he had been mentioned as the proper person to

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take charge of the Naples Museum and the excavations at Pompeii—the two works being under one head—a distinction which is one of the few great prizes in the world for archæologists. When he asked Mommsen's advice whether to accept the position or not, the wise German, who knew the Neapolitan conditions, replied that it would be a very difficult affair.

"The Neapolitan Camorra," Mommsen wrote, "will without doubt have a hand in it, although I do not know how or when. There will be needed much force of character, which I hope you will have, and much calm patience, which up to the present you do not possess, and which will not be easy to acquire in Naples."

Nevertheless, Signor Pais decided to accept the post. He had a laudable ambition to make the Museum in arrangement and efficiency worthy of its priceless collections. Having carefully studied the ground, he proposed to carry out a complete reorganization, in which there should be four distinct departments—a gallery of sculpture, an antiquarium, a gallery of ancient paintings, and a gallery of mediæval and modern paintings. His plan was approved by Nasi, the Minister of Public Instruction, who ordered him to go ahead. But it was at once seen that changes would have to be made in the Museum building, the capacity of which was outgrown, and which, in any event, needed many repairs.

So Professor Pais went ahead, and in two years the building was restored, with several thousand square feet of floor space added; the collections were rearranged and placed in separate sections, and many valuable objects, which had been stored and forgotten in cellars and garrets, were brought to light. But, from the start, the vigorous innovator had reason to remember Mommsen's warning, "The Neapolitan Camorra will without doubt have a hand in it." The Camorra, it is hardly necessary to say, is the great organization of graft which, like Tammany and the Platt machine in New York city, or like the Quay-Republican gang in Philadelphia, has held Naples in its coils for generations. In the old Bourbon days, King Bomba himself headed the Camorra, as he found it easier to get money in that way than by taxation. The Camorra had fastened its claws on the Naples Museum; guards, doorkeepers, scrubwomen depended upon it for their "pull"; and so did the contractors and even the honorable members of commissions appointed to inspect the Neapolitan art treasures. The Camorra controlled the political affairs of Naples, and sent its regular delegation to the Chamber of Deputies.

Signor Pais inevitably ran against this powerful antagonist from the moment that he set out to have honest work done. He engaged workmen who were not in the ring; he closed bids with low-priced contractors, instead of continuing to employ the highest bidders; he sought for more trustworthy assistants and underlings. He even tried, in connection with the Pompeian digging, to recover for the State rights which under his predecessors had been quietly allowed to slip into the control of private individuals—of Camorrists. He could not help unearthing, as he pushed his investigations, many instances of dishonesty in the previous administration of the Museum; indeed, his own appointment was due in the first instance to the fact that the corruption there had become so notorious that a change had to be made.

One sees readily that every grafter whom he thwarted or exposed became his sworn enemy, and that the "System" neither could nor would tolerate a reformer at the head of the Museum. If honesty were allowed a foothold there, who could tell how far it might spread? Accordingly, all sorts of accusations, calumnies and abuses were heaped on Signor Pais. He was charged with incompetence, with dishonesty, with wilful carelessness, with an almost insane passion for turning the collections topsy-turvy. He found, for instance, that the coin collection contained many counterfeits, and, in order to get the best possible opinion, he asked the leading coin dealer in Naples, a man of great experience and probity, to assist the professional numismatists in separating the spurious coins from the genuine and in appraising them all. At once the Camorrist journals cried out that Pais was in collusion with Signor Canessi, the expert, to rob the Museum. Again, in moving the many collections, comprising, all told, several hundred thousand objects, one box, which contained five antique vases in pieces, fell to the floor. Thereupon, the cry went up that Pais was ruthlessly smashing the most precious masterpieces of the Museum; and persons in other countries may have imagined that the Capuan Venus and the Antinous, the Athene and Homer and all the rest, were being destroyed. Yet five unimportant vases, already broken, seem a not exorbitant loss for a removal of such magnitude.

Unfortunately, he had not only the Camorra against him; he was assailed by local archæologists, by supporters of the old system of classification, by guides and the makers of guide-books, who had to revise their accounts of the collections, and by an influential school of historians, who had obstinately rejected his conclusions in ancient history. In America we hardly know the intensity of the passion with which European scholars are still swayed. Signor Pais had always been a storm-centre, and now he found himself attacked by a formidable cohort of intellectual enemies. The Camorra, of course, chuckled to have honest men as its allies, and it could protest with all the more sanctimony that its objection to Pais was purely scientific.

In spite of everything, however, Professor Pais held his ground, and carried the reformation of the Museum almost to completion. Then he was summarily removed, as it was evident that he would not resign. The reason alleged for his removal was that he had gone to work before the necessary appropriation had been made. This was technically true. He had been ordered by his superior, Nasi, the Minister of Public Instruction, to proceed at once, as he, Nasi, would ask for the required sum when the next budget was drawn up. To meet current expenses, Professor Pais had to borrow money; and then his enemies prevented the appropriation from being made. In his Apology he remarks that it is by no means uncommon to push forward excavations or restorations in advance of the appropriations; he cites the work on the Church of St. Francis of Assisi, and the notorious diggings at the Roman Forum, for which nobody was reprimanded, much less cashiered; but then, he adds, "not all of us have relatives and friends in the Ministries." He counted on permanently increasing the revenue of the Museum by charging a separate admission fee to each collection. He also proposed that the Museum should undertake to make authentic replicas of its statues, from the sale of which it would reap a good profit. This proposal brought down on him the wrath of all the Neapolitan dealers, who had exploited the Museum's treasures without making it any return, and who now bombarded the Deputies and Ministers with telegrams. Pais must be stopped instanter; and stopped he was.

To cap the climax of his misfortunes, before the end of the work Minister Nasi absconded, under the suspicion of having misused money belonging to his department. Professor Pais's enemies tried in vain to implicate him in this affair, but the sums spent by Nasi had nothing to do with the Naples Museum.

Nasi's successor as Minister of Public Instruction, Signor Orlando, cast no shadow of suspicion on Signor Pais's honesty: nor could several parliamentary boards of inquiry, composed of men hostile to him, find one soldo misspent. No one denied that he had simply obeyed official instructions, or that the means he took to finance the alterations had been regularly approved. Nevertheless, he was remorsely sacrificed to the Camorra and his enemies. As if to indulge in paradox, Minister Orlando appointed Professor Pais to represent Italy at the International Congress of Scientists at St. Louis last year, and assigned him a salary, at the very time when he dismissed him from the directorship of the Museum.

But the most malicious assaults of his enemies cannot undo his great work. His reclassification of the collections has met with the approval of Mommsen, of Salomon Reinach, of Ernest Kornemann of Tübingen, of Ettore Ferrari, the most eminent of living Italian sculptors, of Thédenat, of Pollak, of Frederick Hauser, of Steinmann, and of other experts, whose opinions have a very different weight from those of the Camorrists and bureaucrats to whom Professor Pais fell a victim.

I should add that he is a Puritan of the Piedmontese type, brusque, uncompromising; single in his devotion to science and truth; a fighter, if need be, but by preference a scholar, eager to extend the bounds of knowledge. It may truly be said that he wanted tact; but tact, in his predicament, would have meant acquiescence in graft. Mommsen was right as to his lack of patience. But, in spite of it all, he actually accomplished the task he set himself, and accomplished it in two years' time, where ten years had been reckoned insufficient. The service he rendered to students of art, history, and archæology is great; how shall we estimate his service in proving that even in Naples one honest man can terrorize a host of grafters?

WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER.

FROM TRIPOLI TO TUNIS.

TUNIS, September 11, 1905.

While the average traveller may know well his Tangiers and Algiers, even Tunis, with its thoroughly French atmosphere and bargain-loving yet fascinating native bazaars,

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other North African towns are little beyond names. Djerba, Gabes, Mehdia, Sfax—their very sound is unfamiliar, yet few regions more richly repay prolonged sojourn. An intensely picturesque, modern Arab life, grafted upon (or, more accurately, overlying) a splendid Roman civilization long departed, offers singular charm.

In Tripoli province, digging for archæological remains is practically prohibited. Some time the Turkish Government may aid rather than restrict such research, but at present an occasional amphora, unearthed by chance, a few noble columns and capitals, promptly incorporated into corners and doorsteps of sordid Arab dwellings; now and then a majestic statue, generally headless, alone attest the former proximity of that long-forgotten life which the Hegira almost completely blotted out.

In the French possessions, a different spirit prevails, and as money becomes available, research will be increasingly carried on; museums are being founded in towns along the coast which must ultimately offer unparalleled possibilities to the student. At Gabes, in particular, evidences abound of a far past quite different from the nomadic life of to-day, now serenely moving to and fro upon its buried treasures. The present prosperity and growth of Gabes are somewhat owing to an increase of the esparto industry; for, ever since this useful grass was discovered growing wild on hills along the edge of the desert, camel-loads are continually brought not only into Gabes and Tripoli, where its sorting and baling offer unaccustomed labor to black and brown humanity, but to many another coast town, whence it is exported in large quantities for paper-making. Pressing and strapping the bales is conducted by hand in the *funduk* at Gabes.

Interesting as this industry may be, however, especially in its relation to material prosperity, far more so are the great plains, where camels and donkeys move in long, unhurried lines across the dry and yellow expanse, and the domed tomb of a marabout, or a group of date palms, rising against a burning blue sky, give accent to the Oriental landscape. Pictures uncharacteristic of North Africa the river makes, flowing abundantly along the town outskirts, where may be seen the somewhat incongruous sight of Arab and Bedouin women crouched on stones and energetically washing clothes at the margin of the stream. Just beyond, showing a great variety of foliage, is the pleasant garden of the blind governor, General Allegro. Apparently, however, the river does not soften and enverdure the stern landscape. No meadows follow its progress. Instead, it flows through gray mudbanks, hard and uncompromising, although, farther on, roads are shaded by eucalyptus trees; and within low, bordering walls are many irrigated gardens, green and luxuriant.

"La Petite Djara" (Djara Dekhlania), a compactly built little Arab village near by, consists of exceedingly narrow and almost entirely dark streets, in many cases rooms being built directly over and across them; the whole village largely constructed of old Roman columns and marbles found on the spot. At one or two schools with wide-open doorways, handsome Mohammedan boys study in a loud sing-song through the hot afternoons. However tumbledown the structures, or near to complete crumbling old adobe walls may be, or impossibly dark and narrow any alley of a street, fine French signs of blue and white porcelain, no less dainty than in Paris itself adorn every corner; "Rue de Lyons," "Place de la Bourse," gleaming forth in almost startling contrast to what they are supposed to name and represent.

Farther on, beyond Shenini, at Maita, is an ancient Roman barrage, the *rehaa*, still in use for present-day water, the superb workmanship of a centuries-old dam still standing against time and decay. A fine modern one has also been constructed at another point, and a commercially prosperous future for Gabes seems assured.

At Sfax several eclipse missions were stationed, Italian, French, and English, the sites of their headquarters still showing evidences of scientific occupancy in a familiar chaos of departing boxes, tubes, and astronomical paraphernalia, although all of the observers except M. Bigourdan of Paris had gone. Clouds greatly obscured eclipse day here, but happily, at the crucial moments of totality, the corona shone forth through a kindly rift, preventing disaster to the expeditions. The modern French town has its usual wide, hot streets, rows of small palms which offer potential shade for the future, a park, a monument or two, rather solid buildings, and a reign far less picturesque but infinitely cleaner and more sanitary than that of the Turk. Fine Roman mosaics, some of them large and important, have been unearthed at Sfax, and for a time a number of these pavements were kept in a shed on the quay, but are now removed to the Town Hall, and in time will form the nucleus for a good museum. As until this year no attempt was made to preserve these valuable remains, many have been undoubtedly scattered and destroyed. Fine Roman marbles, some of them brought from Gabes, are, as usual, incorporated in doorways and mosques. Arab gardens are here, also, with acres of palms, pomegranates, figs, and grapes, all well fenced, guarded by the usual fierce white dogs—also occasionally by a hobbled camel or an old turbaned Arab. By far the most interesting part of Sfax is the ancient Saracen wall, one of whose gateways is still intact and admits to the native town, where one may see tortuous *suks* or bazaars, finely dressed and wealthy Moors, at the doors of their offices or drinking black coffee in narrow street-ways crowded, thronged, yet entirely different in tone and atmosphere from the well-beloved alleyways of Tripoli. As in that city, also, the sponge industry plays a large part in town prosperity, and fine specimens are collected by divers.

From Sfax it is now possible to go by regular automobile to Sousse—a decided innovation in methods of North African travel. Roads are fairly good, and much of the country may be seen to advantage. Caravans of camels, however, are not yet entirely accustomed to the novel sight, nor even gentle and usually not-to-be-surprised donkeys. One of the latter humble animals, however, was so nonplussed by the sudden appearance of the swift monster that he could express his sensations only by immediately throwing over his head his very respectable and well-dressed Jewish rider, who fortunately landed in soft and sandy soil—it is authentically believed with no bones broken; but considerable injury to his immaculate barracan. Camels attempt to exhibit their usual lofty hauteur, but one long train was discreetly turned aside by an ancient Bedouin dame who belabored them in ample time for safety. Her husband, refusing to take any such precaution in his own behalf, kept serenely on, in the centre of the road, until by dint of resounding blows, pushes, and objurgations she at length persuaded him out of the way; whereupon she turned her attention to the oncoming whirlwind, and, with shrill tones and shaking of shrivelled fists and fingers, besought every variety of Allah's curse and all evil eyes upon the entire machine, driver, the power that drove, the passengers, and all their ancestors. Automobile travel is well worth adopting, if only that by its aid one may see the remarkable ruins of El-Djem, where an amphitheatre of huge proportions still lifts magnificent walls above its desert base, centre now only for a group of dark and dirty Arab dwellings. Was it once, instead, centre of some great Roman city where a life of pleasure and cultivation clustered about its noble beauty? Or was it, rather, placed in this remote district by keen Roman minds who expected to attract a population hither? Both theories are advanced by specialists, and the great building still stands a monument to that superb workmanship which defied the ages.

Among African towns rarely seen by travellers is Mehdia, directly on the coast. Phœnician coins, tear-vials, beads, and other relics of pre-Christian days are found here in considerable numbers, as well as multitudes of coins from a later Roman epoch, glass, lamps, even an occasional theatre ticket of metal, and very perfect pavements. Only recently was one of these beautiful mosaics uncovered, the finder sending it to adorn the already rich museum of Bardo. Neptune again formed the subject, surrounded by sporting Nereids, with four figures at the corners typical of seasons. This magnificent specimen was no less than fifteen feet square; and others are frequently unearthed, evidently once the floors of dining apartments, favorite subjects being fish, game, or fruit. Mehdia, too, has a history all its own, later than Punic or Roman days; in the fifteenth century its long peninsula was fortified completely around its outer edge, and counted the strongest and most thoroughly fortified place in the world. A deep harbor within the walls, having a strong seagate, and room for three or four galleys to repair simultaneously, was made by hand from solid rock. Slave labor was cheap in those centuries. The harbor may still be seen, though now partly filled by sand. Here, too, was the stronghold, the real headquarters, of Dragut the Corsair—that famous pirate who was actually able to threaten not only Francis I., but the redoubtable Charles V. himself—truly the terror of the Mediterranean. In his honor a mosque was built in Tripoli about 1560. A belief is still held there that Dragut Pasha built its walls and two forts; but Leo Africanus mentions such walls about his time, or slightly before.

The ancient castle still crowns the summit of Mehdia's hill, from which a superb view appears of the nearly encircling sea,

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CARNEGIE BRARY

and, across the bay, of a faint blue promontory, site of a Phœnician cemetery, where countless lamps, tear-vials, coins, and beads are still found—and Roman relics as well, for it is also reputed the scene of a great battle between the forces of Pompey and Julius Cæsar. Old and rusty cannon and piles of stone ammunition lie about the castle walls, here and there ornamented by beautifully carved Roman columns; and within is carried on both a prison for Arabs and one for offending French soldiers. In the modern Arab town itself fine marbles are, as usual, largely displayed in its sordid architecture, one Roman inscription appearing in a doorstep, while nearly every corner is resplendent with carved columns and capitals. Mehdia's mosque, Djama el-Kebir, is an exceedingly good one. Its large courtyard is surrounded by a noble open cloister, supported by impressive marble pillars, of which no two capitals are alike. A sundial is old Arabic, of much later date than the columns, more of which adorn the interior, itself lofty and as large as the courtyard, where a "watercatch" still conducts modern rain into cisterns fashioned in splendid Roman days. French influence is restoring the mosque, paving the cloisters with marble blocks, and removing desecrating whitewash from pillars, to reveal lovely marble surfaces beneath. So rich is Mehdia in pregnant relics that with more than genuine regret I saw its white gleam fade into distance.

Some of the most striking pavements exhibited at Bardo were unearthed at Sousse, but that city at first sight presents little of interest. Stone quays, wide streets, parks, clubhouses, hotels—all are excessively modern, wide, airy, clean, and commonplace. The native town, within walls, mounts a gentle hill, from whose *kasbah* superb views may be had; but the *suks* are poor, and the catacombs perhaps all that the casual traveller would care to visit. There is, however, an excellent little museum near the quay, next the Officers' Club, in which fine collections are gradually augmenting. It was established in 1899, when many of the best "finds" had already gone to Bardo, but enough have been discovered since to make a superb showing, especially in large and complete pavements. In getting out these mosaics, much care must be used to keep the designs intact, and ingenious methods are employed. But the joy of uncovering one of these splendid relics, watching it emerge from the dust of centuries as one works, seeing the design gradually unfold, must be part of the very artist's ecstasy. As usual, subjects of feasting, fishing, and the chase abound, but there is a fine Medusa, two representations of the abduction of Ganymede, a wild "Triumph of Bacchante," three or four Neptunes with tridents, dolphins and nymphs, while masks at geometrical intervals, conventional figures, the swastica and horns of plenty, all in the softest imaginable colors and almost perfect preservation—making this little museum a veritable treasurehouse, adorned by the patient fingers of nearly two thousand years ago. Pavements are not alone rescued from oblivion, for covered funeral urns, lamps, and vials by hundreds, money of several epochs, fragments of inscriptions cut in marble, bits of gravestones, parts of statues, capitals, and masks, iridescent glass, and a few earlier Phœnician utensils are added with great rapidity, each year.

Out through the fine stone breakwater into a summer sea, the course leads on to Tunis, at the head of its shallow lake, through five miles of dredged canal. The city has grown surprisingly in the five years since our last visit, and is almost more French than France itself. While the native town and bazaars are unchanged in outward appearance, the tourist army seems to have had a demoralizing effect upon stately Arab shopkeepers, who now, abandoning their national characteristics, positively pull the passer-by into their places, demanding in a French-English dialect that he shall purchase. Prices have advanced in proportion, but, if one have days at command, may be gradually reduced to their proper level by argument and repeated visits. Coming as a sort of anti-climax to Tripoli, Tunis seems less attractive from picturesque considerations than memory had pictured, despite its beautiful Belvedere Park, now a luxuriant mass of semi-tropical vegetation, and the clubhouse and theatre crowning its summit, where all the amusements of Nice or Monte Carlo may be had for the asking. But there is always Carthage, peaceful on its sun-crowned point, forever at rest. Even the two or three restaurants with their circling pigeons, assiduous Arab boys who offer impossible "relics," demanding to show sites, and modern masses proceeding in the Cathedral, cannot change the brooding pathos of that quiet hill. In the museums at Carthage, collections have been greatly increased in five years; the White Fathers carrying on more or less excavation all the time, as funds are forthcoming. Skeletons lying in state in richly ornamental coffins, their bones all neatly in order, with heavy gold rings still hanging on fleshless fingers, and surrounded by amulets and precious stones, have recently been added, while jewelry in vast amount has been found.

MABEL LOOMIS TODD.

Correspondence.

THE ANGLO-JAPANESE TREATY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Has the *Nation* descended to the artifice of making false quotations to sustain its contentions? I trust not; yet an editorial in the current issue would seem to give reason for the belief. In this editorial, in order to uphold your claim that the Anglo-Japanese treaty is neither "for the good of Japan nor of mankind," you assert that Article II. of that agreement "provides that if either Japan or Great Britain becomes involved in war 'in defence of its territorial rights or special interests,' the other 'will at once come to the assistance of its ally.'" And from this premise you essay to prove, and claim to have proved, that the treaty is not fair to Japan, inasmuch as she is likely to be "drawn into hostilities" against a European Power upon a question purely European.

This would be a just conclusion were your quotation correctly given; but it is not correctly given, and offers an entirely false interpretation of the meaning of the article it assumes to explain. Article II., in part, is as follows:

"If, by reason of an unprovoked attack or aggressive action, wherever arising, on the part of any other Power or Powers, either contractor be involved in war, in defence of its territorial rights or special interests *mentioned in the preamble*, the other contracting party shall at once come to the assistance of its ally, etc."

By reference to the preamble, it will be seen that the "territorial rights" and "special interests" referred to in this article are situated "in the regions of Eastern Asia and of India."

From this it is apparent that, under the provisions of the treaty, Japan cannot be "drawn into hostilities" against any nation upon a question that does not vitally affect her interests, with the sole exception of the question of British control of India; and the danger of any forced opposition to that—as the *Nation* seems to admit—is very remote indeed. On the other hand, the treaty ensures the integrity of all territory with which the interests of Japan are in any way concerned. Where, then, is the unfairness to Japan?

Yours most respectfully,

ARTHUR JOHNSTON.

SANTA ANA, CAL., October 12, 1905.

[Our comment was too hastily made upon an imperfect summary by telegraph of the terms of the treaty. Still, the case is not so clear as our correspondent supposes. The alliance covers joint action in resisting an unprovoked attack (the judge of its unprovoked nature being, of course, the ally calling for assistance) "wherever arising." If Germany were to go to war with England over the Moroccan question, for example, is it certain that Japan would not be drawn into a European war?—ED. NATION.]

OUR CHINESE EXCLUSION LAWS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The matter of the relation of our Government to that of China, anent the exclusion of the subjects of the Chinese Empire from our lands, has been the subject of much controversy in the press of the United States. One, at least, of your readers has felt disappointment that your journal has not seen fit to analyze this question and to voice a decided opinion in the matter. It must be conceded that the question has important moral and economical bearings, and should not be disposed of without full and free discussion; and your many intelligent readers would welcome a ringing note in your journal, which has always sounded no uncertain word on moral questions.

The general press and the politicians seem to concede that the admission of the Chinese people, other than of the privileged classes, would be an evil, and it is assumed that the people of the Pacific Coast are a unit in desiring to exclude all Chinese laborers. I believe that a very respectable minority, at least, of the Pacific Coast people favor a repeal of our present exclusion laws, and that this feeling is based on sound economical and moral grounds. It would be improper to make this communi-

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cation a brief, and to cite statistics favoring a repeal of the present exclusion laws; the facts are open to you. It may be said, however, that the principles favoring free trade and individualism which the *Nation* has always consistently espoused, favor also the free admission of the Chinese to our shores.

I speak for myself only, but I feel sure that many of your readers—and a lot of "Goats"—would welcome a vigorous handling of this subject by the *Nation*.

Very truly yours,

R. C. CALLAHAN.

SEATTLE, WASH., October 13, 1905.

[The right of any country to regulate immigration is hardly contestable, especially now that more rapid and commodious transportation permits the introduction of great masses of foreigners, more or less immediately assimilable, and liable to produce a troublesome if not dangerous congestion at certain points. Had this been the real ground of Mr. Blaine's demagogic crusade against the Chinese, it would have spared us one of the most shameful pages in our history. The matter is now, as it should be, one of mutual agreement between China and the United States, demanding full recognition, on our part, of the respectability of the Chinese, even the lowest of them, as human beings, and an honest intention to interpret any treaty humanely, without reference to caste prejudice and without assumption of white superiority. It is the bane of such restrictive legislation that it tends toward brutality in practice, especially in a country like ours, subdued to the spirit of caste in the case of its black population and of its newly acquired subject populations. The remedy for this has already dawned in the Chinese boycott, and will become more efficient as China grows more self-conscious and internationally powerful. We welcome any screws she may put upon us to force our acknowledgment that a Chinaman's a man for a' that.—ED. NATION.]

THE NEW MOON.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I should like to say to "A Lover of Superstitions," who writes of those connected with the new moon, in the *Nation* of October 12, that when I rode in Lee's army to Gettysburg, I saw the new moon over my left shoulder. At Gettysburg we met with ill-fortune. When we made our way south again, and recrossed the Potomac, the new moon was seen over the right shoulder as we marched to Orange C. H., where the army had a long and much needed summer's rest.

Then I was reminded that when the Goths and Vandals broke loose from the barren north and marched south, marauding over warmer and richer lands, month after month, in their conquering career, as they lit their camp fires they saw the new moon (a good omen) over the right shoulder. Later, when their advance was checked, and they were driven back, broken in spirit and fortune, for month after month of weary marches, as they crouched by their camp-fires, they saw the ill-fated new moon over the left shoulder. The repetition of these experiences during successive generations of ignorant masses of people looking for a sign, with no compass or guide other than the instinctive mass movement, naturally impressed them with the invariable sequence of good or evil fortune as they saw the moon over the right or left shoulder—an impression so strong as to be passed as an inheritance to later generations.

HARRY HAMMOND.

BEECH ISLAND, S. C.

TRANSLATION, BETRAYAL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Some years ago the *Fliegende Blätter* published an imaginary dialogue in which a college professor asks a student, "In what cases did the Spartans expose new-born infants?" and is answered, "When they were of an unwarlike character." I always supposed this new light on history to be jocularly intended; but I judge from a citation of Haeckel's new book in your review (page 326, No. 2103), that it is the sober word of the foremost science. "Hence the destruction of abnormal new-born infants—as the Spartans practised it, for instance, in selecting the bravest," etc. Or is this remarkable perspicacity of the Spartans in detecting latent heroism in a just-matured fœtus to be credited to the translator? If so, perhaps some of the "incoherences of style" objected to may be due to the latter. Thus would Mr. Peterkin, for instance, translate *brav*, if that is what Haeckel said.

Truly yours, F. M.

[We quoted literally from the translation.—ED. NATION.]

AERONAUTICS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Any of your readers interested in the history of speculation respecting aeronautics may, by applying to the undersigned, obtain a considerable mass of papers on that subject which were found among the literary remains of John Rae, a gifted all-round man of science of the last generation. The papers were written at least previously to 1872, the year Rae died.

A reprint of Rae's work on Political Economy (Boston, 1834) has just now been brought out by the Macmillan Co. The volume is called 'The Sociological Theory of Capital'; and a full account of Rae's life is to be found in it. Rae's studies in geology are also, I am informed, probably shortly to be published. Rae experimented somewhat with devices for aerial navigation. An account of his operations with a so-called "Sun-Flyer" may be found in a letter to the editor, dated April 17, 1837, printed in volume xxxiii. (pp. 196-198) of the *American Journal of Science and Arts*. This communication to what was then popularly known as *Silliman's Journal*, is erroneously attributed in the Dictionary of National Biography (volume xlvii.) to John Rae, M.D., sometime surgeon to the Hudson Bay Company, and a distinguished Arctic explorer. CHARLES W. MIXTER.

BURLINGTON, VT., October 23, 1905.

Notes.

The flourishing Massachusetts Society of Mayflower Descendants has firmly made the "South Shore" its province for genealogical exploitation. Now, "the Bay" is to have its special band of workers, "The Governor and Company of the Massachusetts Bay in New England" having just been incorporated for "historical and genealogical research and the publication of the results thereof, especially with relation to the history of the Massachusetts Bay Company" chartered by Charles I. Membership is confined to "male descendants of freemen of the said original corporation," and this descent must be proved, as in the case of the *Mayflower* membership.

Mr. Henry Frowde, as publisher to the British Academy, is about to issue the first volume of the Proceedings of the Academy, containing the papers read during the years 1903-4, etc., with introductory matter and obituary notices. The proceedings will be on sale in the ordinary course in a bound volume, and the various papers will be procurable separately.

The excellent annotated Oxford Modern French Series edited by Leon Delbos (New York: H. Frowde) proceeds with Stendhal's 'Mémoires d'un Touriste' and Mignet's gem of a 'Histoire de la Révolution Française.' It was at Aix in 1837 that Stendhal had a vision of a King of Sardinia becoming King of all Italy. "In the more or less near future," he wrote, "that country will belong to the prince who has the best army and shall advertise the most liberal ideas." From the same publishers we have their Boswell's Johnson, following the third edition, compressed from two volumes into one of good print unaffected by the thinning of the paper, and altogether handy.

The John Lane Co. takes for the fifteenth volume of its "New Pocket Library" Edward FitzGerald's "Euphranor: A Dialogue on Youth," very fitly presented after the text of the first edition of 1851. Mr. Frederic Chapman, who supplies a preface, dwells upon the value of the little work (FitzGerald's first-fruits if afterwards elaborated) not only as a classic specimen of English prose, but as reflective of Cambridge and its contemporary life, and the author as a part of them.

From FitzGerald's University's Press (New York: Macmillan) issue the Cambridge English Classics which we have from time to time described, edited by A. R. Waller. This editor's care is solely for his text, and his notes are of corresponding purport. He now gives us Cowley's Poems after the first collected edition of his works, dated 1668. The English prose contained in the same folio will make another volume. These are as near facsimile reprints as possible, and something better for the critical scrutiny observed.

In excellent taste is the little 'Book of English Love Poems Chosen out of Poets from Wyatt to Arnold,' by Edward Hutton, bearing the London imprint of Methuen. Mr. Hutton thinks he has gathered here "all or almost all that is worth preserving in English Lyric Poetry which has Love for its subject." His "almost" will not reconcile an admirer of Shelley to the omission of his "Good Night," and on the whole it is well to take what is

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offered without too close regard to what is beyond the pale (*e. g.*, all American verse). Five of Mrs. Browning's "Sonnets from the Portuguese" stand for the whole number. It is noticeable that, after Herrick, Landor contributes more pieces than any other poet save Tennyson, who likewise has ten. Byron is outnumbered by Wordsworth.

F. Marion Crawford's 'Southern Italy and Sicily and the Rulers of the South' forms one rather heavy volume out of two in its reissue by Macmillan. The always interesting illustrations made a glazed paper inevitable, but the sheen is not excessive.

Harry Graham's 'More Misrepresentative Men' (Fox, Duffield & Co.) shows no exhaustion of his satiric vein, and Malcolm Strauss's portraits are clever caricatures, while retaining the likeness. Past and present celebrities, from Euclid to Henry VIII. and Alton B. Parker, are dealt with. Here is a stanza from the Burns:

"'Men were deceivers ever!' True,
As Shakspere says (Hey Nonny! nonny!),
But one should always keep in view
That 'tout comprendr' c'est tout pardonny';
In judging poets it suffices
To scan their verses, not their vices."

'Girls' Christian Names,' by Helena Swan (E. P. Dutton & Co.), is a reprint of a work that appeared several years ago. There has been, however, no attempt to bring its information up to date, so that the Princess of Wales is still referred to under "Alexandra" and the Queen under "Victoria." Miss Swan continues to offer the reader a mass of useless information, as on page 470, where, under "Sarah," she tells us that "in the seventeenth century there lived an unfortunate girl, named Sara Williams," who was accused of being possessed of the devil; under "Angela" we are told that this is the Christian name of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts; under "Rachel" we have five pages describing the career of Rachel, Lady Russell. It is a book that should be in the hands of every parent about to christen a daughter. We hear much in these days about the responsibility of parents, and never before were children so safeguarded by public opinion. But parents still have a free hand to blast a child's career, or at least seriously affect its comfort and self-respect for life, by inflicting on it a name with ridiculous associations or so colorless that no vitality can live it down. Belmontina Methuena Jones exists, and no doubt does well enough now that she has dropped Modderina, her first name of all. But she has no more redress than an animal who has been registered in the stud-book. Miss Swan's index will perhaps prove by its length that no parent need coin a name for his daughter with the help of the daily paper. We hope that mothers with an instinct for correctness will not insist on christening a child "Creirdyddlydd," who, but for Miss Swan and the Celtic revival, might have been content with the milder (Sassenach) version, "Cordelia."

'Red Fox,' by Prof. Charles G. D. Roberts (L. C. Page & Co.), is the history of a hero fox of singular beauty and strength, united with rare intelligence, adaptability, and foresight. Such a fox, Mr. Roberts tells us, might come into existence once in a while, and every incident of his career, however surprising, has been recorded of some fox, somewhere, at some time; so we accept Red Fox as the flower of his race, even though he may belong to the order *Compositae*. His range was the forests, rocky slopes, and backwoods farms of the Ringwaak country in Eastern Canada. Here he ran the full gamut of fox-experience, both with his fellows of the wild and with the men and dogs of the settlement, leading a joyous and adventurous life till the brightness of his renown made him a shining mark for capture. Then, taken by a trick formidable from its simplicity, he was sent to the States to make a Roman holiday for a fashionable hunt club, but escaped by almost supervulpine sagacity and found safety in the mountains. Even the seasoned reader of animal stories is moved to hearty admiration of Red Fox and pleasure at his escape. Mr. Roberts appears to tell his story chiefly for its own sake, but he impresses us quite as deeply as if he had tried to enforce it by didacticism. We feel, for instance, with the rabbit and the mink, the barbarity of trapping, and take the fox's point of view when we see the field of scarlet riders and hear the loud-mouthed pack on the trail.

Mr. William J. Long, in his latest book, 'Northern Trails' (Ginn & Co.), leads us into Newfoundland and Labrador to study the life-history of unfamiliar animals in the light of explanations that he suggests for some of their ways: "why, for instance, the big Arctic wolf spares the bull caribou that attacks him wantonly; why the wild goose has no fear at home; why the baby seals are white at birth; how the salmon climb the falls which they cannot jump, and why they hasten back to the sea when they are hurt; how the whale speaks without a voice; and what makes the fisher confuse his trail, or leave beside it a tempting bait for you when you are following him." Mr. Long assures us of the accuracy of his data, and maintains the reasonableness of his inferences. In these stories, as in his earlier books, he argues that the intelligence of animals is akin to man's, and is developed, as in man, by early training and later experience, and that the actions of animals, therefore, should be studied in the light of what man knows of his own motives and feelings. However this may be, even the makers of what Mr. Long calls "mechanical natural history" will find interest in these sketches, particularly in the half-dozen studies of Wayeesees, the white wolf. Here is the life of a wolf family drawn with sympathy and spirit—the play of the cubs under the mother's eye; their comical early hunting; their long training; and their full maturity, when, fitted for the needs and perils of life, they range the woods and caribou barrens, and visit the Indian villages for scattered food when famine bites. The book shows something of the life of Northern Indians; but the Indians are less vivid than the fisher, the salmon, and the wolf.

'A Little Garden Calendar,' by Albert Bigelow Paine (Philadelphia: Henry Altemus Co.), gives to little folks a chatty and truthful account of many of the most interesting phases of plant-life. The subjects of dispersal and its advantages, of movements, and of pollination and the like, are briefly and well-treated. The account of the servants which work for the flower is admirably presented, although at times the author goes perilously near the edge of the unknown. A captious critic might well object to the page in which the flower is made to appear almost to reason, but the statement is pretty well guarded by this saving clause: "Perhaps it doesn't really reason, but it does something exactly like it, and there are people in the world who would be happier if they could do the same thing." This is almost as far as any one would dare to go in ascribing thinking powers to plants. It would be safer to recall to mind the often-quoted expression of the vegetating fisherman loafing at the shore, "Wall, there, sometimes I set and think, and sometimes I jest set." It is highly probable that plants just "set."

The German 'Daheim-Kalender' for 1906 (Leipzig: Velhagen & Klasing; New York: Lemcke & Buechner), a bound volume, presents the customary album literary miscellany and useful information. Many of its abundant illustrations are in color, as in connection with the article on the decorative art movement. Attractive themes are pictorially displayed also in Buss's "Characteristic Features of the First Empire" and Bremen's "Jena." A great array of portraits attends the Necrology and the roster of European sovereigns.

The third volume of Dr. Shields's 'Philosophia Ultima' has appeared posthumously (Charles Scribner's Sons). The whole work is a discourse about science from a mind whose incapacity for scientific thought was almost phenomenal. But he was a man of learning, in a certain obsolescent way, and the work may be used to advantage by others than psychologists, for whom it should be a document. The present volume contains a portrait and a biographical notice by Professor Sloane. One portion of Dr. Shields's share in this volume, dealing with "scientific problems of religion," has a serious value; for those problems need a new treatment which they have not received. There is a very judicious review and defence of Butler's 'Analogy.' The greater part of Dr. Shields's new pages seems to have been written to meet President White's 'Conflict of Science and Theology.' He endeavors to show what an aid the traditional view of the Bible has been to science. As a specimen of the author's candor, we remark that, far from representing that *all* anthropologists without exception have been decidedly in favor of resting their science largely on Biblical testimony, he expressly admits that "Leidy, Cope, and Marsh may have left no directly religious testimony." Observe the fine caution of the subjunctive.

Prof. Henry Burchard Fine's 'College Algebra' (Boston: Ginn & Co.) is the most practical and at the same time the most truly mathematical of all the elementary books on the subject that ever came under our notice. It is quite worthy of the author's illustrious ancestor, who, early in the sixteenth century, came to Paris from the terrific Briançon precipices, so suggestive of all that is difficult and grand, and gave its first impetus to French mathematics. Oronce Fine was his name. Though the new text-book is as elementary and as easy as can be—easier than one would believe possible—it carries the student further than other college algebras do, and it is preceded by an elegantly worked-out exposition of the modern mathematico-logi-

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cal doctrine of numbers. Professor Fine was a personal pupil of Georg Cantor, to whom (especially through his conception of the "well-ordered" series) our present understanding of this curious subject is almost entirely due. If it has not much to do with algebra, it is at any rate as excellent a lesson in the logic of necessary reasoning as could possibly be found, if it be not better than any other, as Sylvester deemed it.

The fifth fascicle of Postgate's 'Corpus Poetarum Latinorum' (London: Bell; New York: Macmillan) brings the second volume to an end. It contains Martial, edited by Duff, Juvenal by Housman, and Nemesian by Schenkl and Postgate himself, who for this poet's 'Cynegetica' has freshly collated the principal Paris manuscript. Mr. Duff acknowledges his indebtedness to Professor Lindsay, whose labors upon the manuscripts of Martial have recently given us an accurate knowledge of them for the first time. For Juvenal, Mr. Housman, holding that respect for the codex of Montpellier has too greatly overshadowed the other manuscripts, has chiefly devoted himself to the consideration of what is to be found of value in these inferior manuscripts. In his *apparatus criticus* they are therefore frequently cited, and he has himself inspected seven in the British Museum which have not heretofore been used. The resultant text will be a surprise to many, to whom this editor has stood as the antipodes of a conservative. Thus, in the first satire, his text differs from Bücheler's of 1893 and Owen's of 1902 in only three passages: *it*, 145; *gutture*, 156; *irae*, 168; and all of these readings used to stand in the vulgate from times before Aldus down to Jahn.

Especially noteworthy, in view of the previous English neglect of philological journals, is the announcement of the *Modern Language Review*, a quarterly journal devoted to the study of mediæval and modern literature and philology, edited by John G. Robertson and published by the Cambridge University Press. The first number, dated October, contains articles ranging from Shakspere to Shelley, and forthcoming articles both in English and in German will deal with the principal literatures from different periods. One of the most interesting of these is a hitherto unpublished seventeenth-century comedy by George Wilde, edited by F. S. Boas. Book reviews and notices are to form a leading feature of the new publication, and all longer reviews will be signed. The subscription is 8s. 6d., post free.

The Panama Canal is the main topic of the *National Geographic Magazine* for October. Rear-Admiral C. M. Chester gives a brief sketch of the part taken by the navy in the exploration of the isthmus, and narrates some incidents of the work of the De Lesseps company, of which he was an eyewitness twenty years ago. He then describes at length the plan recommended by the Canal Commission and the engineering constructional plans. Incidentally, he refers to the fact that the property transferred by the French company is much more than the partially dug canal and the railroad: it includes scores of machine shops, 2,500 wood, stone and metal houses, capable of accommodating 15,000 to 20,000 people, and hospitals extensive in number and size. The editor, in an account of the progress of the canal, shows that the question of sanitation has been thoroughly solved by the fact that the death rate, which in 1881 was 66.8 per thousand, was, among the 10,000 employees in May, June, and July of this year, but 2.6 per thousand. Of 12,000 men at work during August, 301 were constantly sick, or only 25 per thousand. There are some interesting full-page illustrations, and a large map of the isthmus in five colors, showing the location of the canal recommended by the Commission of 1899-1902.

The geographical bibliography for 1904, in the September number of the *Annales de Géographie*, contains over a thousand main entries, being more than in any previous year. The works relating to France and its colonial possessions occupy naturally the largest place with some two hundred titles, while there are but forty-nine for the United States and eight for Japan, scientific works only. A possible prophetic forecast may be found in the heading "République d'Australie," "république" being apparently the only French equivalent for commonwealth. The list, with its numerous and instructive characterizations of the works contained in it, would be more helpful for reference if there were an index of subjects as well as one of authors and travellers.

It is announced from Stockholm that hereafter the awarding of the Nobel prizes will be divided between Sweden and Norway. The prize for literature and science will be in charge of the former country, and the peace prize of the latter.

Among the prominent deaths recently reported from Germany is that of the Berlin bookdealer, Albert Cohn, at the age of seventy-eight. He was one of the leading Shakspere specialists in the Fatherland, and some years ago published in English an excellent volume entitled 'Shakespeare in Germany.' At the time of his death he was engaged on a systematic 'Shakespeare-Bibliographie,' which is nearly completed, and which, according to the Berlin *Neue Presse*, is to be published.

"C. L. F." writes to us:

"The *Nation* gave lately, as authority for the fact that from 70 to 84 per cent. of Oyama's army was affected by that most disabling disease, *kakké*, or beri-beri, the name of Miss McGee. By this was meant, no doubt, Mrs. Anita Newcombe McGee, whose work in the Japanese hospitals during the late war, with the assistance of a body of trained American nurses, is well known."

—It is not too late to quote from Massey's 'History of England' (1855, vol. i., pp. 76, 77) the following passage as bearing upon Japan's claim for indemnity after not only having made war by striking the first blow, but without a declaration:

"If the comity of nations requires that hostilities should be preceded by formal notice, it is plain that the belligerent who has violated this rule cannot justify the retention of any acquisition so obtained on entering into a treaty of peace. In fact, no prize-court in Europe would condemn a capture taken under such circumstances. Civilized warfare would cease to exist, and nations would descend to the practice of pirates if no distinction was to be made between conquests seized before, and those which have been made after, a regular proclamation of war. The unconditional restitution of these captures would seem, therefore, to have been an affair which concerned the honor of England rather than that of France. Had the question been determined on its own merits, it is hardly to be conceived that the high-minded probity of Pitt could for a moment have hesitated as to the course which it became him to take."

—'Two Bird-Lovers in Mexico,' by Mr. C. William Beebe, curator of ornithology in Bronx Park (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), relates the experience of the writer and Mrs. Beebe during a winter in camp near the volcano of Colima. Mr. Beebe is an enthusiastic traveller as well as a trained biologist, and writes with a wide-angled scope, which includes not only birds, but mammals, lizards, insects, flowers, scenery, incidents of the trail and camp, and glances at the natives along the way. He has aimed at an interesting running narrative and commentary, rather than an exhaustive study; but, considering the shortness of the time spent—from Christmas to Easter—he may justly be proud of the information gathered on the habits of birds. He has added considerably to our somewhat scanty knowledge of the food-habits of Mexican species, a subject to which he gave particular attention. We may mention that he found a diminutive kingfisher catching insects, a flycatcher diving after fish, and hummingbirds feeding on grasshoppers after the manner of turkey-gobblers. The deep, shaded drainage ditches between cultivated fields were, like Northern hedgerows and thickets, a place of vantage for studying the food of both seed-eating and insectivorous birds. Here is a suggestive anecdote from the Chapala marshes: "We of the North have neglected the egrets until well-nigh the last survivor has been murdered; but here, in this wild place, where, outside of the towns, a man's best law and safeguard is in his holster, these birds have already found champions. Short tolerance had the first plume-hunter—an American—who began his nefarious work in the Chapala marshes. The rough but beauty-loving *caballeros* who owned the haciendas surrounding the lake talked it over, formed—to all intents and purposes—an Audubon Society, ran the millinery agent off, and forbade the shooting of these birds."

—Of the many books upon Italian villas that have lately made their appearance, it is safe to say that none is so profusely illustrated as Charles Latham's 'Gardens of Italy' (Scribners). As a photographer of architecture, and especially of gardens, Latham stands among the ablest. His work has for years furnished to that interesting English weekly, *Country Life*, its most important feature. He avoids with studious care the eccentricities of focusing and printing that characterize so much of the work of the more advanced school of photography. He belongs, in respect of the distinctness and sharpness of his negatives, to an older time. He secures by the directness of his methods a result which, if it leaves little to the imagination, satisfies every demand for a clear report. In the selection of points of view, he is a past-master. The exact spot from which to secure the most effective grouping of mass or contrast of light and shade rarely escapes him. Mr. Latham has done his work *con amore*. Whether his subject be the sumptuous gardens of the Villa Albani, with their antique fountain-basins and their long ranges of ancient statues and columns set against solemn backgrounds of cypress, or the more intimately charming and not less-beautiful gardens of the Villa Lante, his art is equally assured and convincing. Some descriptive text by E. March Phillipps accompanies the pictures. It is

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of a gossiping, semi-historical sort, by no means hard to read, but not notably informing. It concerns itself little with the art of garden design, a subject which the photographs would have served to illustrate most admirably. The value of such a splendid collection of photographs as Mr. Latham's is so evident, and the expense of securing them so great, that it is much to be regretted that they should not be accompanied by plans, such, for instance, as those in H. Inigo Trigg's 'Formal Gardens in England and Scotland'; but, lacking these, it would be better to give the reader mere thumbnail sketches than no plans at all. The present volumes of 150 pages each are similar to 'Gardens Old and New,' heretofore reviewed in these columns, but they have wider margins and better binding.

—Since the Catalogue of the British Museum reveals no biography of John of Gaunt in English, French, German, Spanish, or Portuguese, Mr. Sydney Armitage-Smith has come forward to fill the gap. His 'John of Gaunt' (Scribners) is an ample and scholarly work, which, besides bristling with footnotes, contains a number of appendixes, and is altogether a creditable product of the Oxford History School. Upon such *causes célèbres* as the Duke's defence of Wycliffe and his battle with the leading spirits of the Good Parliament, Mr. Armitage-Smith throws little new light, but, for the Continental ambitions of his hero, he is invaluable. We employ the word "hero" in a conventional sense, for no attempt has been made in these pages to advance the Duke of Lancaster beyond the limits of mediocrity. So far as vindication is concerned, our author contents himself with showing that, moved by sentiments of chivalry, John was a faithful uncle to Richard II. "He remained true to the ethical standard of society as he knew it; he had been loyal to Edward III., to his brother the Black Prince, and, at what cost of personal pride has been seen, to his nephew Richard." Another important subject with which Mr. Armitage-Smith deals is that of the Duke's attitude towards the religious dissensions of his day. The trend of Wycliffe's theology he clearly did not appreciate, for, had he done so, he would have been numbered among the active opponents of Lollardry. Nor did he do anything practical to further Wycliffe's projects of ecclesiastical reform. The vast amount of patronage which he possessed gave him every opportunity to insist upon residence and the proper discharge of pastoral duty, but, as is clear from the instances here cited, he neglected to support the Lollard position at this critical point. And as to the main issue, his alliance with the friars was far more permanent than any connection which he formed with Wycliffe. "The friars," says Mr. Armitage-Smith, "had no illusions about the Duke's heterodoxy and revolutionary ideas. They were willing at first to defend his agent in an attack on ecclesiastical wealth theoretically condemned by their own rules, and later, when the reformer of administration became the heretic, while attacking Wycliffe to defend his patron. The Duke shared both their friendships and their hatreds. He was inclined to regard the Pope as an ally; the friars were the Pope's devoted servants. He hated political bishops; the friars were the enemies of the whole secular clergy." As we have said, Mr. Armitage-Smith is not the first to grasp the nature of John's relations with Wycliffe, but he illustrates more clearly than any of his predecessors the closeness of the tie which bound the Duke to the regulars. We are unable, through lack of space, to touch upon John's part in the complicated affairs of Castile and Leon, but much fuller information regarding it is given by Mr. Armitage-Smith than will be found elsewhere. This valuable biography appeals, of course, to students of Chaucer and 'Piers Plowman' as well as to those of Wycliffe and the Hundred Years' War.

—By the death of Adolf Hedin, which occurred on the 19th of September, Swedish liberalism lost one of its staunchest supporters, one of its most vigorous and courageous advocates. As a member of the Riksdag, with two short interruptions, since 1870, and as a writer for the daily press, he has stood for over thirty-five years as the champion of progress in politics, in social welfare, in education. His very first contribution to political literature, the letters which he wrote for *Aftonbladet* in 1868 on "What the People Expects of the New Representation," may be regarded as the programme of the progressive party which was then in making. The arrogance of the bureaucracy always found in him a consistent enemy, the spirit of the Constitution a watchful guardian. Social questions attracted his attention comparatively late. It was not until 1884 that he made a really important contribution to their discussion in his proposal for old-age and accident insurance for workingmen. The introduction of the new protective system in 1886 opened up a discussion of social problems which is still going on. "For Hedin," it has truly been said, "the tariff question was a social question." Hedin's 'Speeches and Writings' which have recently been published (Stockholm: Bonnier) constitute an interesting survey of Swedish public life during the last quarter of the nineteenth century, and should be studied by all who take interest in Scandinavian politics. Besides the already mentioned newspaper articles from 1868, and the proposition to investigate the question of workingmen's insurance of 1884, the most important of its contents are the articles on "The Meaning of the Suffrage Question" (1902), "Municipalization" (1903), and "The Question of the [Scandinavian] Union" (1895).

LORD DUFFERIN.

The Life of the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava. By Sir Alfred Lyall, P.C. With portraits and illustrations. In two volumes. London: John Murray; New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1905.

In comparing Lord Dufferin with other men made eminent by their public services, one peculiarity of his career forces itself strongly upon our attention. By common consent he ranks first among the British diplomatists of his generation, but he was not trained for diplomatic life according to the usual process, nor did he receive an appointment of any great importance until he was forty-six years old. Endowed with a very fair share of ambition, he looked forward at the outset to winning distinction in the field of politics. A little later he had some thought of writing a large historical work. We do not mean to imply that he had not shown signs of talent or even disclosed the possession of great gifts before he became Governor-General of Canada in 1872. The duties which fell to him as a member of the Syrian Commission in 1860-61 had been discharged with both tact and firmness; he had been offered the government of Bombay; and, when Gladstone took office at the close of 1868, he had joined the Ministry as Chancellor of the Duchy. But, though a member of the Ministry, he did not have a seat in the Cabinet, and it may well be doubted whether English politics would ever have rewarded him with anything better than a minor portfolio.

During the years when Dufferin, whether from temperament or circumstances, was fairly to force his way into the van of practical politicians, his more characteristic gifts were making themselves felt within the narrow circle of courtiers and premiers. Besides the actual offer of Bombay, he had been talked of for Ireland and India before he came out to Canada. In other words, onlookers saw the true bent of his genius before he himself had come to recognize that abroad rather than at home lay his destiny as a public man. The reason why he could be transferred so well to the field of proconsular and diplomatic appointments was that he had never taken deep root among the followers of Palmerston and Gladstone. On one subject of domestic interest he held beliefs which might under different conditions have led him to fight hard for a purely political cause. An Irishman and a landlord, he could not view unmoved the discords and aspirations of his native land. Though only twenty years of age when the great famine broke out, he gave largely of his own means to relieve distress, and raised a considerable fund from among his friends. But during the period of his early manhood Home Rule did not become a primary issue in the politics of Great Britain; and after the rise of Parnell, he had passed beyond the point where a return to the strife of parties would have been easy. There can be no doubt, however, that the Unionist cause lost a convinced and stalwart champion when he entered the service of the Colonial Office.

Lord Dufferin certainly deserved to have the keen and scholarly biographer he has found. Indeed, it is a matter of critical importance to a man in his profession that his deeds should be recorded by the proper person. Lord Salisbury has said:

"A diplomatist's glory is the most ephemeral of all the forms of transient reward. There is nothing in his achievements which appeals to the imagination; nothing which art can illustrate, or tradition retain, or history portray. A military commander is more fortunate in his vocation. . . . But there is nothing dramatic in the successes of a diplomat. His victories are made up of a series of microscopic advantages; of a judicious suggestion here, of an opportune civility there; of a wise concession at one moment, and a far-sighted persistence at another; of sleepless tact, immovable calmness, and patience that no folly, no provocation, no blunders can shake. But there is nothing exciting in the exercise of such excellences."

These words may have a touch of exaggeration, but the substance of them is obviously true. Dufferin's life in the hands of a second-rate biographer would make

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but a dull tale. It is the merit of Sir Alfred Lyall that he has singled out the large issues, revealed the interesting friendships, and depicted in living colors the qualities which united to form a diplomatist of the highest type. His book is frank yet discreet, and marked in all its parts by delicacy of perception.

Dufferin's lineage gave him the traits of two strongly contrasted families. John Blackwood of Bangor, who migrated from Scotland to Ireland at the beginning of the seventeenth century, was, we may presume, a hard-working and canny colonist. At least his descendants in County Down were sagacious, money-getting people, who seem never to have been gifted with imagination, but whose solid qualities enabled them to build up an estate while keeping the respect of their neighbors. When a family of this kind intermarries with the Sheridans, Mr. Galton and those of his school have good cause to watch the results. Lord Dufferin's father, Price Blackwood, was, like Sir Henry Blackwood and several more of his line, a sailor—with the kindest heart in the world, but wholly innocent of literary culture. On the other hand, his mother, Helen Sheridan, possessed much of the wit which her grandfather distilled into "The Rivals," and a large share of the beauty with which her grandmother distracted the youth of Bath. Once, when Disraeli was talking with her, she said, referring to her famous sisters: "You see, Georgy's the beauty, and Carry's the wit, and I ought to be the good one, but then I'm not." As a matter of fact, she had a full portion of the Sheridan good looks, while her goodness, thus disclaimed with a jest, shone forth in both her poems and her life. The lines which she wrote to her son on his twenty-first birthday convey what every mother would wish for her son, in a strain that rises above the literary powers of all save the rarest.

Sir Alfred Lyall considers that in the character of Lord Dufferin the Sheridan qualities predominated, and it is pretty plain where the free-handedness, the lightness of spirit and the graceful blarney came from. Yet if we are to lay stress upon atavism, Dufferin possessed a steadiness and firmness which seldom appear in the men of the Sheridan family, but are stamped plainly upon the Blackwoods. The public rarely gave him credit for the stiffer virtues he derived from his father's side of the house because, in ordinary intercourse with the world, his speeches and conversation were so honeyed. None the less he had an ample reserve of determination, and used it whenever occasion required. In Canada, for example, he endeared himself to official society by lavish entertainments and to the public by his open, friendly ways. But when, in the days of the Pacific Scandal, it proved necessary for him to take a decided stand, he did not shrink from doing so, even though for the moment it cost him a good deal of his popularity.

"I have been much bored and worried," he writes in a private letter to Lord Kimberley, "and it is vexatious being dragged into such a dirty quarrel; and I regret coming into collision with any section of my Canadians. But I don't think their ill-humor will last long, and I am not sorry to have an opportunity of showing them that, however anxious I may be to be gracious and civil, I don't care a damn for any one when a matter of duty is involved."

In later years he had a good chance to display his firmness when dealing with the Porte, and his demeanor under the attack of certain lying French newspapers was nowhere appreciated with more candor than in Paris itself. When at last he turned on the canaille, he did so in such a spirit of self-respect and at the same time with so much good feeling towards the better element of the French press, that *Figaro* said next day: "Ceux de mes compatriotes qui veulent savoir ce que signifie l'épithète *gentlemanlike* que les Anglais emploient si volontiers, le savent maintenant!"

The boyhood and youth of Lord Dufferin afford comparatively little material for the biographer. By far the most interesting fact of this period is the closeness of the tie which bound him to his brilliant and affectionate mother. Of his father he saw comparatively little, owing to Price Blackwood's duties as a sailor and to his early death in 1841. At the time when Dufferin, an only child, succeeded to his Irish barony, he was a schoolboy at Eton, with no tastes as yet developed which gave sign of specialized talent. At Oxford the general cleverness which marked him from the first had an opportunity of making itself felt within the walls of Christ Church, and was recognized to a limited extent beyond that college. Although not ambitious of winning a high place in the schools, he already gave promise of becoming more than a graceful dilettante. It was here that his interest in people and his capacity for getting on well with all and sundry began to be a prominent trait. "I came here," he wrote to his mother, "with the determination to keep myself as much as possible from pretensions to superior morality, but to avoid any conduct which might be called methodistical." This observation is called forth by the avowal of his intention to steer clear of all hunting men, whose profane conversation seemed to him an offence against both good morals and good manners. Turning from the company of the *jeunesse dorée*, which was readily offered him, he rallied a band of more serious spirits and formed them into the Pythic Club. The name (derived through a doubtful etymology from πυθέσθαι, to inquire into truth) gives some inkling of the founder's purpose. Dufferin furnished the name, was chosen first president, and opened the proceedings by reading an inaugural essay. There were lively debates on Charles I., William of Orange, Frederick the Great, and also upon economic subjects. Among the original members were Boyle, afterwards Earl of Glasgow, Pakington, afterwards Lord Hampton, and Sir William Fraser. The society flourished from the outset, and did not disappear when Dufferin left the University. On July 1, 1898, he presided in London at a dinner of one hundred and fifty old Pythians, he and Sir W. Fraser being at that date the only survivors of the original band.

This brief notice of the Pythic Club will serve to illustrate the presence in Dufferin's nature of a strong intellectual instinct. Throughout his whole life he cherished that fondness for letters and conversation which not only was the best heritage of his mother's line, but which in his own case became a source of unfailing relief amid public labors and anxieties. At Oxford, also, he developed a genius for friendship. Nothing in these two volumes is more delightful than his affection for relatively obscure men from whom he had been separated by many years, great distances, and a complete difference of occupation. He was a tireless letter writer, and whether in Syria, Canada, India, Constantinople, Rome, or Paris, he never denied old friends those intimate accounts of his experience which were rendered all the more gracious to the recipient by a feeling that the writer remembered him amid the press of a thousand occupations. When speaking thus, we refer chiefly to Dufferin's unfailing kindliness towards the companions of school and college days. But wherever he went he was constantly making friends, who were not forgotten when the Atlantic or even the Red Sea had raised barriers to intercourse. From personal knowledge we could supplement the references made by Sir Alfred Lyall to his correspondence with the friends he had made in Canada.

Leaving Oxford at the close of 1846, Dufferin found strong supporters in his guardian, Sir James Graham, and in Lord John Russell. In 1849 he became a Lord of the Bedchamber, and in 1850 received an English peerage as Baron Clandeboye. Over his share in English politics during the next twenty years we must pass hurriedly. For a time his post as Lord of the Bedchamber gave him occupation at court, and enabled him to win the confidence of the Queen. How permanent her regard for him remained may be inferred from their relations in the closing years of the reign, as may be seen, for example, in her statement (1895) "that he was almost the only one left of her old friends whom she might consult, as long ago she consulted the third Marquis of Lansdowne and the Duke of Wellington." So far as his political career was concerned, he took a decisive step in asking for an English peerage instead of entering the House of Commons. It was Sir James Graham who advised this course, and we imagine that Dufferin had little cause to regret his acceptance of a seat in the Upper Chamber. By temperament he was unfitted for the rough-and-tumble work of the Commons. Though he could be firm, he did not possess the peculiar qualities of a party leader, and the decade 1850-1860 was a period when hard hitting continued to be still common.

In 'Letters from High Latitudes,' a product of these years, may be seen one form which Dufferin's activity assumed at a time when he had money in his pocket, and was free from cares of official life. During the same decade he was giving serious thought to the Irish question, and doing what he could, in a quiet way, for Whig interests. It was, however, the Syrian mission of 1860 which first gave him a chance to show his mettle. Placed between the Porte and a European concert, he was enabled to display his talents for negotiation at their best, and the credit which he gained on this occasion placed him in the direct line of pro-consular and diplomatic promotion. The intricate details of the issue it is impossible for us to discuss, but Dufferin, acting under difficult conditions, won a reputation for clear-headedness and fair dealing which he never forfeited. Soon after his return he visited Napoleon III.

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at Compiègne, but, on resuming life in England, found himself without congenial occupation. This period of his career was a time of considerable solicitude. He could not, willingly, be idle, and there seemed little likelihood that he would be put over an important department. After Syria, he thought himself "a legitimate graft on the diplomatic service," but Constantinople did not come his way, and he even had some idea of becoming an author, though, he writes: "It will be with great dissatisfaction that I shall subside into that lower form of existence."

The impression which Dufferin had already made upon the leaders of his party was so great that he need have had no fear regarding his eventual employment by the State. Shortly after he had spoken thus disrespectfully of letters in comparison with the life active, he became (1864) Under-Secretary of State for India, and during the next eight years he was in close enough touch with public affairs as Chancellor of the Duchy, chairman of a royal commission on the state of military education, and chairman of an admiralty commission in 1871, to keep him from feeling a useless member of society. His interest in Irish questions continued to be very keen during this period, and, as a result of evidence given before a committee in 1865, he became engaged in a controversy with Mr. Isaac Butt. We pass lightly over these matters, because it is not through his connection with the domestic politics of Great Britain that he will be remembered. Before 1872, all he had attempted had been done efficiently; but, as a candidate for parliamentary honors of the highest rank, he had not been successful. As events were soon to prove, he had been working on a wrong line. His characteristic talents were given full scope for the first time when he was named Governor-General of Canada.

Shortly before Dufferin crossed the Atlantic, Robert Lowe came up to him in a London club, and said: "Now you ought to make it your business to get rid of the Dominion"; and this was a view which some years earlier had been expressed by Sir Henry Taylor to the Duke of Newcastle. As a matter of fact, Dufferin went to Canada with very different ideas, and, though circumstances did not require him to bear a part in any critical events, he did something to cement the tie between Great Britain and the newly-formed Dominion. From this date forward, he began to impair his estate by lavish hospitality, but, at whatever cost to himself, he saw that he represented the Imperial authority as he thought it ought to be represented. No other Governor-General has been such a delightful host, or thrown so much energy into social intercourse on a large scale. The sole unpleasantness of these years was a purely transient one between Dufferin and the leaders of the Liberal party, at the time of the Pacific Scandal; but, in the end, Mr. Mackenzie saw the justice of the Governor's position, and was numbered among his loyal friends.

It is natural to lay some stress upon Dufferin's success in pleasing all classes of the Canadian population because it was so extraordinary. He attended functions as though he liked to be there, and made countless speeches which were felicitous for the reason that he put both wit and mind into them. At the same time his correspondence shows how carefully he watched the development of political conditions, and how keen he was to seize upon the organic defects of colonial public life. A long passage from his first dispatch to Lord Carnarvon (vol. i., pp. 229-31) might be cited in illustration of the thought he gave to such subjects as the future of Canada and the results which might be expected to follow from the growth of a more independent spirit than had existed before Confederation. The growing disposition of the young men to look upon independence as the ultimate destiny of the country, he viewed without suspicion and even with favor. "Nor do I think," he says, "that this novel mode of thought will be devoid of benefit, provided it remains for the next twenty or thirty years a vague aspiration, and is not prematurely converted into a practical object. Hitherto there has been a lack of self-assertion and self-confidence among Canadians, in forcible contrast with the sentiments which animate our friends to the south of us." It is clear that he did not think the connection with Great Britain was seriously threatened by the spirit of Canadian nationality, and anything would be better for the Dominion than the political apathy of the masses which admitted of such wholesale corruption as was revealed by the Pacific Scandal.

Dufferin's life after he returned from Canada was filled up with a series of brilliant and responsible appointments in which he acquitted himself with unfailing distinction, until, at seventy, he was forced by rule to retire from the diplomatic service. From Ottawa he proceeded to St. Petersburg, where he displayed in a very different sphere the same qualities which had made him so popular in Canada. Two years later he was sent to Constantinople, and there he remained during the difficult period when the awards made by the Berlin Congress were being executed, and when Egyptian affairs were brought to the forefront of European interests by the revolt of Arabi. Just before Tel el-Kebir the situation became very trying, and there can be little doubt that Dufferin displayed his highest qualities at this juncture. "I congratulate you," wrote Lord Kimberley, in 1882, "on your brilliant campaign, in which you have covered yourself with glory"; and, best of all, his triumph in negotiation had been won without trickery. The special mission to Egypt upon which he was soon sent and the Indian viceroyalty in 1884 were outward marks of the approbation which he had won in all quarters at home.

The closing years of Lord Dufferin's career we must pass over with a single word. His rule in India was marked by the annexation of Burmah, but as a whole is lacking in those stirring incidents which belong to his residence at Constantinople. On his return from the East he received Rome and then Paris, the cream of diplomatic appointments being within his reach. Regarding his unfortunate connection with the London and Globe Corporation, Sir Alfred Lyall speaks tactfully, but without undue reticence. The fact seems to have been that when Dufferin trusted a man at all he gave him his complete confidence. Unhappily, in this case, he was deceived by a scoundrel, and his dealings with Whitaker Wright clouded his old age, though without touching his personal honor or causing him to forfeit the esteem of the country.

Dufferin's quickwittedness and graciousness of disposition endeared him to a host of people in many lands, and besides these qualities he had enough firmness and breadth of judgment to render him a great diplomatist. The world has always been ready to credit him with the possession of urbanity and other Sheridanic gifts. It has been left for Sir Alfred Lyall to show in this admirable biography how affectionate, robust, and straightforward he was.

LITTMANN'S SEMITIC INSCRIPTIONS.

Semitic Inscriptions. By Enno Littmann. The Century Co. Pp. 230.

This volume constitutes Part IV. of the publications of the American Archæological Expedition to Syria in the years 1899-1900, under the patronage of four public-spirited citizens, V. Everit Macy, Clarence M. Hyde, B. Talbot B. Hyde, and I. N. Phelps Stokes. Part II., "Architecture and Other Arts," by Howard Crosby Butler, A.M., the Director of the Expedition, has already been published. Part I., which contains the itinerary of the journey and deals with the topography and geography of northern Syria, is assigned to Robert Garrett, B. S., while Professor Prentice of Princeton has charge of the publication of the Greek inscriptions. In the present volume Dr. Littmann has brought together 233 inscriptions in six different Semitic tongues or dialects, covering a period from about the beginning of the Christian era well on into the Middle Ages, some 1,500 years in all. The inscriptions are beautifully published, with facsimile reproduction and a translitération into more modern or usual characters. There is a considerable number of photographs to show the position of inscriptions, the character of the ruins in which they were contained, etc., and, in the case of the Safaïtic inscriptions, reproductions of some of the curious figures which accompany the rude script. The region covered by the explorations of this expedition was Northern Central Syria, Palmyra, and the Hauran, including also a small neighboring section of the desert.

The first four chapters deal with the inscriptions in north Semitic languages—Syriac, Palmyrene, Nabatæan, and Hebrew. The Syriac inscriptions, twenty-four in number, are valuable principally because of the scarcity of epigraphical material in that language. They came from the region west of the Euphrates, where the Antiochian or Hellenistic influence was most strongly felt. This is not the region to which we owe the principal literary productions in Syriac. Those originated in Mesopotamia. The cause of this is evident the instant one studies the inscriptions of Northern Central Syria. Clearly Greek influence was predominant throughout this region. The inscriptions published in this volume belong in general to the sixth century A. D. Dr. Littmann asks why it was precisely during this sixth century that "the inhabitants of Northern Central Syria began to make more use of their native language in their inscriptions" (p. 4), and the answer which he gives is that this use of the Syriac language was connected with a growth of the national spirit expressed in and strengthened by the Monophysite heresy. One of these inscriptions (No. 6) gives some curious details relating to the

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construction of the church at Khirbit Hasan in 507 A. D., 556 of the era of Antioch. It cost 65 darics, "and of beans, wheat, and lentils 430 bushels, besides the chief expenses." Dr. Littmann compares this with a memorandum of Liutprand, king of the Lombards (713-744), which prescribes the amount to be paid in his kingdom to workmen engaged on buildings, specifying in detail the provisions which are to form "part of their wages." It would seem from the comparison that the wages in Lombardy were somewhat higher than those in Syria, and that the Lombards received meat and wine as a part of their wages or rations, while the Syrians received only corn and vegetables—a rather curious commentary on the different conditions of the two countries.

The Palmyrene inscriptions, fourteen in number, of which nine are new discoveries of this expedition, belong, of course, to a much earlier period, 10—200 A. D. or thereabouts. The first and second of these inscriptions give some evidence with regard to the history of the great temple. The first accompanied a portrait of a certain 'Ogailū set up in the years 70-71. From this it appears that the temple was in existence as the great sanctuary of Palmyra certainly at the very beginning of the first century. Incidentally we learn that, as in the case of the principal Babylonian temples and of the temple at Jerusalem (at least during the greater part of the period before the Exile), worship was not confined to one god. Besides the great god Bel, other gods had their altars and shrines within the precincts of the temple.

There are only three Nabatæan inscriptions, but one of these dates from the year 5 B. C., which gives it a special importance epigraphically. Two new fragments from the epistyle of the portico in the court of the Temple of Ba'al Samin at Si', together with the five fragments already known, enable Dr. Littmann to reconstruct this inscription, and, on the basis of that reconstruction, to restore in general outline the temple itself, which consisted of an inner temple, an outer temple or precinct, a *theatre*, "which seems to have been the technical name for the inner portico in front of the inner temple," and a gate with towers or pillars, which last remind one somewhat of the descriptions of the eastern entrance of the temple at Jerusalem. (Recent reports from the Princeton Expedition to Syria announce new and important discoveries at this place, and a complete restoration of the plan of the temple, which proves to be unique.)

The last two chapters deal with south Semitic inscriptions, Safaïtic and Arabic. The Safaïtic script is connected with the Thamudene script of Northern Arabia. Both of them were developments from the South Arabian alphabet. Southern Arabia borrowed the alphabet from Phœnicia and then developed it in its own peculiar way. The Thamudene and Safaïtic scripts were developments from the Phœnician alphabet in this secondary stage. In its original form the Phœnician alphabet spread among the Aramæans, and the earliest inscriptions found in Northern Arabia are Aramæan, and in the Phœnician-Aramæan script. The Thamudene and Safaïtic inscriptions of Northern Arabia and the Syrian desert are epigraphical evidence of the way in which new waves of emigrants moved slowly northward from inner Arabia, generally with the slowness and always with the resistlessness of a glacier. The Aramæans, who had themselves superseded a previous wave of emigration, were gradually pushed still further north by peoples whose source of culture was Southern Arabia. For the most part, these Safaïtic inscriptions, 136 in all, are mere *graffiti*, found on the borders of the Hauran, desertward between that region and the oasis of Ruhbeh. They occur scattered everywhere, but especially at the sites of old encampments. A few were discovered in connection with ruins, but in general "the fewer the traces of real civilization are, the more numerous are the Safaïtic inscriptions." They were written by Arabic Bedawin whose home was the desert and whose life did not differ essentially from that of modern Arabs. From the inscriptions "we learn that they camped at water-places, made robbing excursions against other tribes, fought and killed other Bedawin, hunted the wild animals, and tended their own herds and flocks. While roaming about they wrote or set up marks for their friends and relatives, if they should happen to pass by the same places, just as the Bedawin do now by means of their tribal marks; and in a number of cases we read that the friend or relative really found this mark" (p. 107).

Dr. Littmann's previous study of Thamudene and Safaïtic inscriptions, and his valuable work in the decipherment of these inscriptions and the determination of the vocabulary and grammar of their language, rendered it certain that his treatment of this part of the inscriptional material collected by the expedition would prove particularly interesting. Although, as he says in his preface, "the number of Safaïtic inscriptions gathered here is quite small in comparison with the larger collections of MM. de Vogüé, Dussaud, and Macler" (p. xi.), yet his thorough mastery of the material makes this chapter an important contribution to the more complete understanding of these curious documents of pre-Islamic, North Arabian civilization. (It should be added that on the second expedition, last winter, the results of which have not yet been published, Dr. Littmann collected further inscriptions in the Safa territory, and doubtless ere this has many more inscriptions than all of his predecessors put together discovered.) Preceding the treatment of the individual inscriptions, there are brief but most illuminating discussions on the alphabet, the dates of the inscriptions, the religious beliefs and practices evinced by them, the names contained in them, and much more of the same sort. The inscriptions are, for the most part, short—sometimes no more than the name of a man and his father; but even these contribute valuable information, when rightly collated, with regard to the religion of the people, the gods worshipped by them, and the like. It is noticeable that, while Allat (the feminine form of Aliah) is the special god of the country, in composition we have, as the divine element, the form El, precisely as, in Israel, where Elohim was the god worshipped, we yet have El as the divine element in composition in proper names. From references in some of these inscriptions to outside events, especially the "war of the Nabatæans" and the Persian war, and by ingenious combinations, archæological and architectural, Dr. Littmann is led to conclude that the South Arabian alphabet found its way to this region at the latest toward the end of the pre-Christian period, and that it continued in use until the arrival of the Mohammedans in Syria.

While this work is a valuable contribution to our knowledge of Northern Syria, it also suggests the much greater value of the material which lies beneath the surface of the ground throughout this same region, and which this expedition did not aim to explore. The region covered is in general the same as that explored by De Vogüé, but this expedition supplemented his work by the collection of a considerable gleaning of inscriptions not found by him. Both explorations have shown that much valuable material for the post-Christian period of Northern Syria may still be found above the surface of the ground, and have also proved, if that were necessary, how important and prosperous this country was during the first six Christian centuries. We know, from Assyrian and other inscriptions, that it was equally important at a very much earlier period, the remains of which lie beneath the ground, as do, for that matter, a large part, probably the larger part, of the remains of the post-Christian epoch. Ultimately, such work of surface exploration should be supplemented by the excavation of some of the more important sites of this little-known region.

A second expedition, the Princeton expedition to Syria, headed by Mr. Butler, and of which Dr. Littmann was also a member, revisited this region last winter, in the hope of discovering further epigraphical and architectural material. This expedition, which terminated last June, devoted itself at the outset to the region beyond the Jordan, northward into the Hauran, and eastward into the desert. It reports much valuable Nabatæan material from Si', Bosra and Ammân, a complete restoration of the temple, or rather temples, at Si', and of the Græco-Persian temple at Arak el-Emir, a unique monument of the second or third century before Christ, hitherto commonly supposed to be the palace of the Jewish king, John Hyrcanus, described by Josephus (Ant. xii., 4, 11). At the two last-named places small excavations were conducted to determine the ground plans of the buildings. (It is to be wished that some expedition might conduct complete and thorough excavations at one or more of the really important sites, like Ammân, Bosra, Arak el-Emir, etc.) Passing northward from the Hauran through the practically unknown desert region east of Homs the explorers found not a few ruins of large size, besides Roman camps, castles, and numerous small towns, with a harvest of Greek and Syriac inscriptions. The campaign ended in the wild and exceedingly rough country of the Jebel Sim'ân, near Aleppo, where some twenty to thirty sites, containing wonderfully preserved buildings and many important inscriptions in Greek and Syriac, were examined. Readers of the present volume will look forward with interest to the publication of the apparently still richer material discovered in this second, supplementary expedition.

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The Science of War: A Collection of Essays and Lectures. By G. F. R. Henderson. 1892-1903. Edited by Capt. Neill Malcolm. With a Memoir of the Author by Field-Marshal Lord Roberts. Longmans, Green & Co. 1905.

It is rare for the reviewer to open the pages of a book in which there is so little to criticise, so much to admire. England has produced great generals, but no theorist until now who could be classed with Jomini and Von Clausewitz. The late Col. Henderson resembles the latter more than the former in his keen sense of the psychological foundation on which strategy must ever repose; he stands by himself in his powerful common sense and statesmanlike breadth of view. The weakest point of his book is due to the premature death of the author at an age when much might yet be expected of him. He would doubtless, in due time, have produced a book of classic rank on his favorite subject; as it is, we have here only disconnected papers of uneven quality and full of repetitions. It must be added, however, that the editor was undoubtedly right in not attempting compression, for the risk of losing some portion of the sense would have been too great.

The finest chapter is the first, entitled "War." It is finished in form, it is full of the deepest political wisdom, and it touches in masterly fashion the intensely difficult problem of the civilian control of military operations. In his strategical theories Henderson always lays stress, as he did in his brilliant study of Stonewall Jackson, on the question of morale: "The issue of battle," he writes, "lies in the hearts of men." In his tactical theories it would be presumptuous for a civilian to follow him into close detail. It may be said, however, that, although he wrote before the Japanese war, his teaching in infantry tactics was entirely justified in Manchuria. The crowning point at which he aimed was the combination of trained skirmishing and the initiative of subordinates with the cohesion of tactical units. In other words, he looked, in this respect, more to the lessons of our civil war than to the Prussian tactics of 1870, in which cohesion was sacrificed. In the particular in which the Japanese showed least regard for military principle, the employment of cavalry in masses, again Henderson points the clear course, and again he grounds himself on the lessons of the civil war. The proportion of only one horseman to sixty-eight infantry in Oyama's army was a serious source of weakness, and it can hardly be doubted that a division of 10,000 cavalry operating on Nogi's left at Mukden, and trained as were the men who followed Sheridan and Stuart, would have played a decisive part. It is curious, on this question of tactics, to find no reference made to Lord Cromer's brilliant but little known Staff College Essays.

The civil war figures prominently in this book, and discussion might be carried to great length; only a few points, however, must be noted. In the Wilderness campaign, it is matter for regret that Lee's position on the North Anna is discussed only from the point of view of grand tactics; the strategy that placed Lee at that point instead of across the road leading to Hanover Court House still awaits comment. Col. Henderson accepts Lord Wolseley's dictum that the presence of a single army corps of regular soldiers would have turned the scale on either side. Is this so clear? To substantiate the point, a close study of the operations of the brigade of regulars attached to the Army of the Potomac would be necessary.

The chapter on the South African war is the least satisfactory; it would have been of far more value to have Col. Henderson's views on the German General Staff's criticism of Lord Roberts's movement across the Modder River than his reply to journalistic and amateur attacks that might well have been treated with indifference. Again, the defence of Buller is far from convincing.

In conclusion, it may be noted that Col. Henderson was an avowed friend and admirer of the American army and people; we may well reciprocate his sentiments. In an eloquent passage, in which he vindicates the fame of British arms, he writes:

"Neither the disasters of the war of the American Revolution, nor the defeats which marked the war of 1812, have a place in our catalogue of failure. Inflicted by an enemy who was flesh of our flesh and bone of our bone, they can no more be cited as a proof of our inferior aptitude for war than Bannockburn or Prestonpans. *Parcs aquilas et pila minantia pilis:* our own were the hands that smote us."

The book contains an interesting memoir of the author by Lord Roberts.

The Valerian Persecution: A Study of the Relations between Church and State in the Third Century, A. D. By the Reverend Patrick J. Healy, D.D., of the Catholic University of America. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1905.

The *Nihil obstat* of a deputy censor and the *Imprimatur* of Archbishop Williams may be taken as relieving the critic from any necessity of searching this volume for anything unbecoming to the author as a faithful son of the Church. It is only fair to say, however, that the feeling of suspicion apt to be aroused in an American reader by the mere fact of censorship, however nominal, has no apparent justification in the present case. Dr. Healy has gone about his task with a genuine desire to get at the facts, and betrays no disposition to use for partisan purposes such facts as he finds. A persecuting Emperor is not necessarily a monster of personal wickedness in his eyes, and he is quite ready to relegate to the realm of myth the touching details of so good a story as that of the martyrdom of St. Lawrence, on the evidence of scholarly investigation that these details were of far later origin than the events which they assume to describe. If his book, then, is not entirely satisfying, its measure of failure is to be attributed not so much to any defect of temper or method in the author as to the hard dealing of time with the original evidence which might have settled some of the vexing problems of the subject.

Under any of the earlier Emperors was there any direct and explicit prohibition of Christianity as such? Mommsen and others have answered in the negative, holding that such action as was taken against the Christians came under the general police power of administrative officials, and was not a matter of judicial interpretation or enforcement of written law at all. This view is accepted by Professor Ramsay, in his volume on the 'Church in the Roman Empire before A. D. 170,' and by E. G. Hardy in his short treatise on 'Christianity and the Roman Government.' Dr. Healy dissents, and of course is not without respectable company in his attitude, but his dissent is sustained by no conclusive arguments. It cannot be seriously questioned that the police power recognized and exercised under the Imperial constitution was broad enough to make trouble for a faith so radically at variance with Roman traditions as was early Christianity. Restraint, even to the death penalty, being easily secured without such assistance, the burden of proof lies on him who holds that special legislation was employed, and the evidence so far offered is very far from conclusive. Dr. Healy assumes, for example, that the words used by a number of the early Christian writers, *non licet esse Christianos,* are satisfactorily explained only on the theory that they are the exact words of the law. And yet he tells us only a half-dozen pages later that "the aim of the apologists, from Quadratus and Aristides to Tertullian, was not to obtain any change in the legislation. They demanded that such modifications be introduced into the procedure followed by the magistrates as would ensure for the Christians a fair trial on specific charges, and constantly complained that Christians were condemned for the mere name without any proof that they were guilty of crime or wrongdoing. Now if *non licet esse Christianos* was positive law, it is strange indeed that the whole strength of the apologists was not thrown into an attempt to change the law, on the ground of its essential injustice. If, however, the prejudice naturally aroused by the irreconcilability of Christianity with prevalent modes of thought and feeling had led magistrates to the too easy assumption that Christians were as a matter of course disloyal citizens, presumably guilty of any offences popularly alleged against them, then we can readily see that the available point of attack for the apologists was just that which they chose, the mode of procedure.

After interpreting the phrase in question as positive law, Dr. Healy surprises the reader by adding: "The vague and general character of such a law, neither fully defining the crime nor indicating any regular procedure, will certainly explain the difficulty which Pliny experienced in executing it." It is hard to conceive how *vagueness* could be more completely eliminated than in the form of words quoted. Pliny knew that he had the right to enforce the death penalty, and had been acting on that right before asking the Emperor for further instructions. If he had had such a positive law as Dr. Healy assumes, his task would have been simplicity itself. But if he was merely using his discretionary police power to maintain tranquillity in his province, and found himself under popular pressure to take stern measures against a sect in which he could not find anything ordinarily to be branded as crime, but which was indisputably causing various disorders from the Roman point of view, then a

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man of his kindly disposition might well have been perplexed.

It will be borne in mind, of course, that Dr. Healy's attribution of legal standing to the phrase is put forward merely as a matter of opinion, and not as an ascertained fact. He refers to Trajan's reply to Pliny as the first "special legislation on the subject of Christianity" to which we can point with absolute certainty. We must agree here with Mr. Hardy, who says that "to speak of Trajan's letter as an edict either of proscription or of toleration, is a complete misconception of the facts." Ramsay, too, has strongly expressed his surprise that so many critics have made the mistake of exalting into Imperial legislation against Christianity this simple letter of advice to a provincial governor, who was anxious to use his discretion in a purely administrative matter in such a way as to win approval at Rome. Dr. Healy's work is not everywhere self-consistent, and this defect once at least touches an important point. On page 109, Macrianus is distinctly indicated as the man whose evil influence made a persecutor of Valerian, after the promise of better things, while on page 165 the same bad preëminence is just as clearly assigned to Aurelian.

There is a place for a good history, in the English language, of the Roman persecutions of Christianity. Dr. Healy's work is of course narrower in its scope, but, however interesting it may be in some respects, it leaves even the Valerian period still a fair claim to inclusion in that history when it shall be written.

Jean François Millet. By Richard Muther. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1905.

The number of "series" and "libraries" of little books on art and artists is almost incalculable and increasing, while the quality of many of them is surprisingly good. If the general public does not learn something about art, it will not be the fault of the publishers or the writers. Mr. Muther's monograph on Millet in the Langham Series, though it is very brief, is especially notable for the justice of its point of view. The author is not one of those sentimental critics who gush about the "Angelus," or imagine that Millet's work may be understood without regard to technical considerations, and is great solely because of his feeling for the hard lot of the peasant. Of the "Angelus" he remarks that, "quite apart from the fact that this particular painting must be reckoned, on purely technical grounds, one of Millet's weakest productions, its theme is characterized by a sentimentality which is foreign to his work"; while he cautions us against laying too much stress on the fact that Millet was born a peasant. The important thing is that he was born an artist. Mr. Muther perceives very clearly that, in art, the subject is more or less accidental, that the style is the man, and that no artist ever attained real eminence without great qualities of a purely artistic order—qualities which would give value to his productions no matter on what subject he chose to exercise them.

More than this, he perceives clearly and explains lucidly what was the chiefest of Millet's artistic qualities: "the 'eye for greatness' which Goethe extolled in Michelangelo," a "sense of Nature's elementary language of form." This is the true note, and the comparison with Michelangelo is exactly the right one. Since the great Florentine laid down his pencil, there has been no such mastery of line, no such expression of bulk and weight and movement, no such grand style in the treatment of the human figure, as is to be found in the works of Millet. The best pages of the book are those devoted to the exposition of Millet's manner of drawing; of his constant rehandling of a theme until he had entirely mastered it, purging his rendering of all that is merely descriptive so that there remain "only essential lines, massiveness of contour, rhythm of motion." And next to his grandeur of draughtsmanship, Millet's most wonderful gift was his ability to express space—"to endow his perspective with an enormous power of illusion," to give the sense of "infinite distances." His rustic scenes were admirable media for the expression of these qualities, and therefore he painted peasants—not because he was a peasant himself. Many painters have been peasants, and many have painted peasants, but there has been no other Millet, while it cannot be doubted that Millet himself would have produced analogous results no matter what he undertook to represent.

So far, then, and as regards the major part of his thesis, we are in entire accord with Mr. Muther; but it seems to us that in his desire to signalize the qualities of Millet the draughtsman, he is too emphatic in his denial that Millet was a painter. A facile or charming technician he certainly was not, and no one is called upon to admire his handling as such, but Mr. Muther's strictures on his color are excessive. Even here our author sees the merit of appropriateness, and considers that the earthiness—he even says dirtiness—of Millet's tones is expressive of the union of rustic man with the soil. What he would not admit is, that Millet's coloring is often as powerful as it is sober, is harmonious always and, on occasion, subtle. Millet was preëminently and supremely a draughtsman, but, within his purposely limited range, he was also a great colorist.

In common with most critics who have written of Millet, Mr. Muther is, we think, unjust to the early work of that artist, done before his settlement in Barbizon. He does not, indeed, give the impression, too frequently given, that this work is lascivious and immoral, but he does intimate that it is of poor quality. In reality some of it is exceedingly able, cleverer by far than the earliest of the peasant pictures, and interesting for its demonstration of the sound technical education which underlay the later and greater achievements of the painter. Finally, while it is true that too much has been made of Millet's peasant origin, we think hardly enough has been made of his race. It was not for nothing that he was a Norman, and the austere nobility and seriousness of his art remind one frequently of the art of two other great Normans, Nicolas Poussin and Pierre Corneille.

The little book is agreeable in size and shape and very well illustrated. One regrets, however, the yielding to the present fashion of introducing as book illustrations plates loosely mounted on blue-gray cardboard. The use of the "Angelus" as a frontispiece is a concession to the public which the author would hardly have made.

Modern Housing in Town and Country. By James Cornes. Scribners. 1905.

That the English take an intense interest in the homes of the working classes is very clearly shown by the book named above. The problem in England is even more pressing than it is here, and the number and variety of the attempted solutions are correspondingly greater. While, with us, the private owner who builds with an eye single to a profitable venture, or the philanthropic citizen or body of citizens that attempts to house the people well and with some slight return upon the investment, are almost the only forces attacking the problem, in England quite others—taking advantage of an act passed fifteen years ago—are at work. By this act, the public-works loan commissioners are empowered to advance money to corporations or individuals for the purpose of constructing dwellings for the working classes, and local authorities may themselves provide such dwellings. Some of these authorities have undertaken works upon an enormous scale; the London County Council alone having made provision for over one hundred thousand people, involving an expenditure of five millions sterling, the whole of which will be remunerative, no charge whatever being made on the county rate.

These housing schemes fall into four chief classes: First, the "block dwellings," a large building of several stories, in which tenements are grouped around a few main staircases. Second, the "Rowton Houses," hotels for the poorer classes, in which separate bedrooms or cubicles are provided for each man, and comfortable common rooms for eating, reading, recreation, etc. Third, "cottage tenements," two or three stories high, containing but one flat on each floor. Fourth, the self-contained cottage. Mr. Cornes presents an admirable collection of many examples of each of the four classes, with plans in detail, description of materials and arrangements, cost, rentals, and financial schemes. He treats also of such interesting attempts at assembling well-designed cottages for the working classes in the midst of attractive surroundings as those at Port Sunlight, Bournville, and Garden City, Letchworth.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Adler, Elkan Nathan. About Hebrew Manuscripts. Henry Frowde.
Balzac's Les Chouans. Edited by C. L. Freeman. Henry Frowde.
Beldam, G. W., and J. H. Taylor. Golf Faults Illustrated. Imported by Scribners. $1.25 net.
Belding, Albert G. Commercial Correspondence. American Book Co.
Benndorf, Cornelie. Die Englische Pädagogik im 16. Jahrhundert. Leipzig: W. Braumüller.
Blanchard, Amy E. A Frontier Knight. Boston: W. A. Wilde Co. $1.50.
Bolles, Albert S. The Home Library of Law. 6 vols. Doubleday, Page & Co.
Bonehill, Ralph. The Winning Run. A. S. Barnes & Co. $1.25.
Book-Prices Current. Vol. XIX. London: Elliot Stock.
Bradford, Amory H. The Inward Light. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.
Brooks, William K. The Oyster. Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins Press.
Brown, Alice. Paradise. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.
Bryce, George. Mackenzie—Selkirk—Simpson. Toronto: Morgan & Co.
Cæsar, Gallic and Civil Wars. Edited by Maurice W. Mather. American Book Co.
Carl, Katharine. With the Empress Dowager. Century Co. $2 net.
Carlyle's Oliver Cromwell. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.
Carpenter, Frank G. Geographical Reader: Africa. American Book Co.
Chandler, Katherine. In the Reign of Coyote. Boston: Ginn & Co. 45 cents.
Clement, Ernest W. A Handbook of Modern Japan. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.
Cole, Samuel Valentine. The Life that Counts. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. 75 cents net.

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Coyle, Robert Francis. The Church and the Times. A. C. Armstrong & Son. $1.50.
Crockett, S. R. The Cherry Riband. A. S. Barnes & Co. $1.50.
Curtis, William Eleroy. Egypt, Burma, and British Malaysia. Fleming H. Revell Co. $2 net.
Daheim Kalender, 1906. Lemcke & Buechner.
Dawson, Miles M. The Business of Life Insurance. A. S. Barnes & Co.
Dexter, Henry Martyn and Morton. The England and Holland of the Pilgrims. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $3.50 net.
Dinkins, Charles R. Lyrics of Love. Columbia, S. C.: The State Company.
Doat, Texile. Grand Feu Ceramics. Translated by S. Robineau, Syracuse, N. Y.: Keramic Studio Pub. Co.
Dole, Nathan Haskell. The Latin Poets. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.
Dunbar, Paul Laurence. Howdy, Honey, Howdy. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50 net.
Eichler, Albert. John Hookham Frere. Leipzig: W. Braumüller.
Ellis, Edward S. Deerfoot on the Prairies. Philadelphia: John C. Winston & Co. $1.
English Essays. Selected and edited by Walter C. Bronson. Henry Holt & Co. $1.25 net.
Farmer, James Eugene. Versailles and the Court under Louis XIV. Century Co. $3.50 net.
Ferris, Charles E. Elements of Descriptive Geometry. American Book Co.
Firangcon-Davies, David. The Singing of the Future. John Lane Co.
Fitzmaurice, Edmond. The Life of Lord Granville. 2 vols. Longmans. $10 net.
Fox, Frances Margaret. The Rainbow Bridge. Boston: W. A. Wilde Co. $1.25.
Freeman, Mary E. Wilkins. The Debtor. Harpers. $1.50.
Gannett, Henry, and Others. Commercial Geography. American Book Co.
Gautier, Théophile, and Others. Russia. Translated by Florence MacIntyre Tyson. 2 vols. Philadelphia: John C. Winston & Co. $5.
Gettemy, Charles Ferris. The True Story of Paul Revere. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.50 net.
Gladden, Washington. Christianity and Socialism. Eaton & Mains. $1 net.
Goethe's Iphigenie auf Tauris. Edited by Max Winkler. Henry Holt & Co.
Goldsmith's Miscellaneous Works. Imported by Scribners. $1.25 net.
Gosse, Edmund. Sir Thomas Browne. Macmillan Co. 75 cents net.
Hardy, E. J. John Chinaman at Home. Scribners. $2.50.
Harrison, Mrs. Burton. The Carlyles. Appleton. $1.50.
Harte, Bret. Her Letter. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $2.
Harwood, Edith. Notable Pictures in Florence. Dutton. $1.50 net.
Harwood, W. S. New Creations in Plant Life. Macmillan Co. $1.75 net.
Harzfeld, Elsa G. Family Monographs. The James Kempster Printing Co.
Hearn, Lafcadio. The Romance of the Milky Way. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25 net.
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